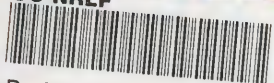


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# POEMS

BY



SAMUEL ROGERS.

WITH

NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS.

A New Edition,

REVISED, WITH ADDITIONS BY THE AUTHOR.

PHILADELPHIA:

LEA AND BLANCHARD.

1843.



PHILADELPHIA :  
C. SHERMAN, PRINTER.

Oh could my mind, unfolded in my page,  
Enlighten climes and mould a future age ;  
There as it glowed, with noblest frenzy fraught,  
Dispense the treasures of exalted thought ;  
To Virtue wake the pulses of the heart,  
And bid the tear of emulation start !  
Oh could it still, thro' each succeeding year,  
My life, my manners, and my name endear ;  
And, when the poet sleeps in silent dust,  
Still hold communion with the wise and just !—  
Yet should this Verse, my leisure's best resource,  
When thro' the world it steals its secret course,  
Revive but once a generous wish supprest,  
Chase but a sigh, or charm a care to rest ;  
In one good deed a fleeting hour employ,  
Or flush one faded cheek with honest joy ;  
Blest were my lines, tho' limited their sphere,  
Tho' short their date, as his who traced them here.



## ILLUSTRATIONS.

A GARDEN SCENE. ENGRAVED BY MILLER, FROM A DRAWING BY TURNER.

LEWELLYN HALL. ENGRAVED BY MILLER, FROM A DRAWING BY TURNER.

SUNRISE ON TORNARO. ENGRAVED BY WALLIS, FROM A DRAWING BY TURNER.

THE RIALTO BY MOONLIGHT. ENGRAVED BY MILLER, FROM A DRAWING BY  
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THE WOODLAND FOUNTAIN. ENGRAVED BY FINDEN, FROM A DRAWING BY  
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THE CHAMOIS-HUNT AMONG THE ALPS. ENGRAVED BY GOODALL, FROM A  
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COLUMBUS DISCOVERING LAND. ENGRAVED BY GOODALL, FROM A DRAWING  
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CORTES AND PIZARRO IN THE CHAPEL OF LA RABIDA. ENGRAVED BY GOOD-  
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"DATUR HORA QUIETI." ENGRAVED BY GOODALL, FROM A DRAWING BY  
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THE  
PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

IN TWO PARTS.

1792.

. . . . . Hoc est  
Vivere bis, vitâ posse priore frui.  
MART.



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Fig. 4. 1780

The Fountain at the Palace of St. James, Lisbon.



THE  
PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

PART I.

Dolce sentier, . . . . .  
Colle, che mi piacesti, . . . . .  
Ov' ancor per usanza Amor mi mena ;  
Ben riconosco in voi l' usate forme,  
Non, lasso, in me.

PETRARCH.



## ANALYSIS OF THE FIRST PART.

THE Poem begins with the description of an obscure village, and of the pleasing melancholy which it excites on being revisited after a long absence. This mixed sensation is an effect of the Memory. From an effect we naturally ascend to the cause; and the subject proposed is then unfolded with an investigation of the nature and leading principles of this faculty.

It is evident that our ideas flow in continual succession, and introduce each other with a certain degree of regularity. They are sometimes excited by sensible objects, and sometimes by an internal operation of the mind. Of the former species is most probably the memory of brutes; and its many sources of pleasure to them, as well as to us, are considered in the first part. The latter is the most perfect degree of memory, and forms the subject of the second.

When ideas have any relation whatever, they are attractive of each other in the mind; and the perception of any object naturally leads to the idea of another,

which was connected with it either in time or place, or which can be compared or contrasted with it. Hence arises our attachment to inanimate objects; hence also, in some degree, the love of our country, and the emotion with which we contemplate the celebrated scenes of antiquity. Hence a picture directs our thoughts to the original: and, as cold and darkness suggest forcibly the ideas of heat and light, he, who feels the infirmities of age, dwells most on whatever reminds him of the vigour and vivacity of his youth.

The associating principle, as here employed, is no less conducive to virtue than to happiness; and, as such, it frequently discovers itself in the most tumultuous scenes of life. It addresses our finer feelings, and gives exercise to every mild and generous propensity.

Not confined to man, it extends through all animated nature; and its effects are peculiarly striking in the domestic tribes.

THE

P L E A S U R E S   O F   M E M O R Y.

---

Twilight's soft dews steal o'er the village-green,  
With magic tints to harmonize the scene.  
Stilled is the hum that thro' the hamlet broke,  
When round the ruins of their ancient oak  
The peasants flocked to hear the minstrel play,  
And games and carols closed the busy day.  
Her wheel at rest, the matron thrills no more  
With treasured tales, and legendary lore.  
All, all are fled ; nor mirth nor music flows  
To chase the dreams of innocent repose.  
All, all are fled ; yet still I linger here !  
What secret charms this silent spot endear ?

Mark you old Mansion frowning thro' the trees,  
Whose hollow turret woos the whistling breeze.  
That casement, arched with ivy's brownest shade  
First to these eyes the light of heaven conveyed.



The mouldering gateway strews the grass-grown court,  
Once the calm scene of many a simple sport ;  
When nature pleased, for life itself was new,  
And the heart promised what the fancy drew.

See, thro' the fractured pediment revealed,  
Where moss inlays the rudely-sculptured shield,  
The martin's old, hereditary nest.

Long may the ruin spare its hallowed guest !

As jars the hinge, what sullen echoes call !  
Oh haste, unfold the hospitable hall !  
That hall, where once, in antiquated state,  
The chair of justice held the grave debate.

Now stained with dews, with cobwebs darkly hung,  
Oft has its roof with peals of rapture rung ;  
When round yon ample board, in due degree,  
We sweetened every meal with social glee,  
The heart's light laugh pursued the circling jest ;  
And all was sunshine in each little breast.  
'Twas here we chased the slipper by the sound ;  
And turned the blindfold hero round and round.  
'Twas here, at eve, we formed our fairy ring ;  
And Fancy fluttered on her wildest wing.  
Giants and genii chained each wondering ear ;  
And orphan-sorrows drew the ready tear.

Oft with the babes we wandered in the wood,  
Or viewed the forest-feats of Robin Hood :  
Oft, fancy-led, at midnight's fearful hour,  
With startling step we scaled the lonely tower ;  
O'er infant innocence to hang and weep,  
Murdered by ruffian hands when smiling in its sleep.

Ye Household Deities ! whose guardian eye  
Marked each pure thought, ere registered on high ;  
Still, still ye walk the consecrated ground,  
And breathe the soul of Inspiration round.

As o'er the dusky furniture I bend,  
Each chair awakes the feeling of a friend.  
The storied arras, source of fond delight,  
With old achievement charms the wildered sight !  
And still, with Heraldry's rich hues imprest,  
On the dim window glows the pictured crest.  
The screen unfolds its many-coloured chart.  
The clock still points its moral to the heart.  
That faithful monitor 'twas heaven to hear,  
When soft it spoke a promised pleasure near ;  
And has its sober hand, its simple chime,  
Forgot to trace the feathered feet of Time ?  
That massive beam, with curious carvings wrought,  
Whence the caged linnet soothed my pensive thought ;

Those muskets, cased with venerable rust ;  
Those once-loved forms, still breathing thro' their dust,  
Still, from the frame in mould gigantic cast,  
Starting to life—all whisper of the Past !

As thro' the garden's desert paths I rove,  
What fond illusions swarm in every grove !  
How oft, when purple evening tinged the west,  
We watched the emmet to her grainy nest ;  
Welcomed the wild-bee home on weary wing,  
Laden with sweets, the choicest of the spring !  
How oft inscribed, with Friendship's votive rhyme,  
The bark now silvered by the touch of Time ;  
Soared in the swing, half pleased and half afraid,  
'Thro' sister elms that waved their summer-shade ;  
Or strewn with crumbs yon root-inwoven seat,  
To lure the redbreast from his lone retreat !

Childhood's loved group revisits every scene ;  
The tangled wood-walk, and the tufted green !  
Indulgent MEMORY wakes, and lo, they live !  
Clothed with far softer hues than Light can give.  
Thou first, best friend that Heaven assigns below  
To soothe and sweeten all the cares we know ;  
Whose glad suggestions still each vain alarm,  
When nature fades, and life forgets to charm :

'Thee would the Muse invoke!—to thee belong  
The sage's precept and the poet's song.  
What softened views thy magic glass reveals,  
When o'er the landscape Time's meek twilight steals!  
As when in ocean sinks the orb of day,  
Long on the wave reflected lustres play;  
Thy tempered gleams of happiness resigned  
Glance on the darkened mirror of the mind.

The School's lone porch, with reverend mosses gray,  
Just tells the pensive pilgrim where it lay.  
Mute is the bell that rung at peep of dawn,  
Quickening my truant-feet across the lawn;  
Unheard the shout that rent the noontide air,  
When the slow dial gave a pause to care.  
Up springs, at every step, to claim a tear,  
Some little friendship formed and cherished here;  
And not the lightest leaf, but trembling teems  
With golden visions, and romantic dreams!

Down by yon hazel copse, at evening, blazed  
The Gipsy's fagot—there we stood and gazed;  
Gazed on her sun-burnt face with silent awe,  
Her tattered mantle, and her hood of straw;  
Her moving lips, her caldron brimming o'er;  
The drowsy brood that on her back she bore,

Imps, in the barn with mousing owlets bred,  
From rifled roost at nightly revel fed ;  
Whose dark eyes flashed thro' locks of blackest shade,  
When in the breeze the distant watch-dog bayed :—  
And heroes fled the Sibyl's muttered call,  
Whose elfin prowess scaled the orchard-wall.  
As o'er my palm the silver piece she drew,  
And traced the line of life with searching view,  
How throbbed my fluttering pulse with hopes and fears,  
To learn the colour of my future years !

Ah, then, what honest triumph flushed my breast ;  
This truth once known—To bless is to be blest !  
We led the bending beggar on his way,  
(Bare were his feet, his tresses silver-gray)  
Soothed the keen pangs his aged spirit felt,  
And on his tale with mute attention dwelt.  
As in his scrip we dropt our little store,  
And sighed to think that little was no more,  
He breathed his prayer, “Long may such goodness live !”  
'Twas all he gave, 'twas all he had to give.  
Angels, when Mercy's mandate winged their flight,  
Had stopt to dwell with pleasure on the sight.

But hark ! thro' those old firs, with sullen swell,  
The church-clock strikes ! ye tender scenes, farewell !



It calls me hence, beneath their shade, to trace  
The few fond lines that Time may soon efface.

On yon gray stone, that fronts the chancel-door,  
Worn smooth by busy feet now seen no more,  
Each eve we shot the marble thro' the ring,  
When the heart danced, and life was in its spring ;  
Alas ! unconscious of the kindred earth,  
That faintly echoed to the voice of mirth.

The glow-worm loves her emerald-light to shed,  
Where now the sexton rests his hoary head.  
Oft, as he turned the greensward with his spade,  
He lectured every youth that round him played ;  
And, calmly pointing where our fathers lay,  
Roused us to rival each, the hero of his day.

Hush, ye fond flutterings, hush ! while here alone  
I search the records of each mouldering stone.  
Guides of my life ! Instructors of my youth !  
Who first unveiled the hallowed form of Truth ;  
Whose every word enlightened and endeared ;  
In age beloved, in poverty revered ;  
In Friendship's silent register ye live,  
Nor ask the vain memorial Art can give.

But when the sons of peace, of pleasure sleep,  
When only Sorrow wakes, and wakes to weep,

What spells entrance my visionary mind  
With sighs so sweet, with transports so refined?

Ethereal Power! who at the noon of night  
Recall'st the far-fled spirit of delight ;  
From whom that musing, melancholy mood  
Which charms the wise, and elevates the good ;  
Blest MEMORY, hail! Oh grant the grateful Muse,  
Her pencil dipt in Nature's living hues,  
To pass the clouds that round thy empire roll,  
And trace its airy precincts in the soul.

Lulled in the countless chambers of the brain,  
Our thoughts are linked by many a hidden chain.  
Awake but one, and lo, what myriads rise !\*  
Each stamps its image as the other flies.  
Each, as the various avenues of sense  
Delight or sorrow to the soul dispense,  
Brightens or fades ; yet all, with magic art,  
Control the latent fibres of the heart.  
As studious PROSPERO'S mysterious spell  
Drew every subject-spirit to his cell ;

\* Namque illic posuit solium, et sua templa sacravit  
Mens animi : hanc circum cœunt, densoque feruntur  
Agmine notitiæ, simulacraque tenuia rerum.

Each, at thy call, advances or retires,  
As judgment dictates, or the scene inspires.  
Each thrills the seat of sense, that sacred source  
Whence the fine nerves direct their mazy course,  
And thro' the frame invisibly convey  
The subtle, quick vibrations as they play ;  
Man's little universe at once o'ercast,  
At once illumined when the cloud is past.

Survey the globe, each ruder realm explore ;  
From Reason's faintest ray to NEWTON soar.  
What different spheres to human bliss assigned !  
What slow gradations in the scale of mind !  
Yet mark in each these mystic wonders wrought ;  
Oh mark the sleepless energies of thought !

The adventurous boy, that asks his little share,  
And hies from home with many a gossip's prayer,  
Turns on the neighbouring hill, once more to see  
The dear abode of peace and privacy ;  
And as he turns, the thatch among the trees,  
The smoke's blue wreaths ascending with the breeze,  
The village-common spotted white with sheep,  
The churchyard yews round which his fathers sleep :

All rouse Reflection's sadly-pleasing train,  
And oft he looks and weeps, and looks again.

So, when the mild TUPIA dared explore  
Arts yet untaught, and worlds unknown before,  
And, with the sons of Science, wooed the gale  
That, rising, swelled their strange expanse of sail ;  
So, when he breathed his firm yet fond adieu,  
Borne from his leafy hut, his carved canoe,  
And all his soul best loved—such tears he shed,  
While each soft scene of summer-beauty fled,  
Long o'er the wave a wistful look he cast,  
Long watched the streaming signal from the mast ;  
Till twilight's dewy tints deceived his eye,  
And fairy-forests fringed the evening-sky.

So Scotia's Queen, as slowly dawned the day,  
Rose on her couch, and gazed her soul away.  
Her eyes had blessed the beacon's glimmering height,  
That faintly tipt the feathery surge with light ;  
But now the morn with orient hues portrayed  
Each castled cliff, and brown monastic shade :  
All touched the talisman's resistless spring,  
And lo, what busy tribes were instant on the wing !

Thus kindred objects kindred thoughts inspire,  
As summer-clouds flash forth electric fire.

And hence this spot gives back the joys of youth,  
Warm as the life, and with the mirror's truth.  
Hence home-felt pleasure prompts the Patriot's sigh;  
This makes him wish to live, and dare to die.  
For this young FOSCARI, whose hapless fate  
Venice should blush to hear the Muse relate,  
When exile wore his blooming years away,  
To sorrow's long soliloquies a prey,  
When reason, justice, vainly urged his cause,  
For this he roused her sanguinary laws;  
Glad to return, tho' Hope could grant no more,  
And chains and torture hailed him to the shore.

And hence the charm historic scenes impart;  
Hence Tiber awes, and Avon melts the heart.  
Aerial forms in Tempe's classic vale  
Glance thro' the gloom, and whisper in the gale;  
In wild Vaucluse with love and LAURA dwell,  
And watch and weep in ELOISA's cell.  
'Twas ever thus. Young AMMON, when he sought  
Where Ilium stood, and where PELIDES fought,  
Sate at the helm himself. No meaner hand  
Steered thro' the waves; and, when he struck the land,  
Such in his soul the ardour to explore,  
PELIDES-like, he leaped the first ashore.



'Twas ever thus. As now at VIRGIL'S tomb  
We bless the shade, and bid the verdure bloom :  
So TULLY paused, amid the wrecks of Time,  
On the rude stone to trace the truth sublime ;  
When at his feet, in honoured dust disclosed,  
The immortal sage of Syracuse reposed.  
And as he long in sweet delusion hung,  
Where once a PLATO taught, a PINDAR sung ;  
Who now but meets him musing, when he roves  
His ruined Tusculan's romantic groves ?  
In Rome's great forum, who but hears him roll  
His moral thunders o'er the subject soul ?

And hence that calm delight the portrait gives :  
We gaze on every feature till it lives !  
Still the fond lover sees the absent maid ;  
And the lost friend still lingers in his shade !  
Say why the pensive widow loves to weep,  
When on her knee she rocks her babe to sleep :  
Tremblingly still, she lifts his veil to trace  
The father's features in his infant face.  
The hoary grandsire smiles the hour away,  
Won by the raptures of a game at play ;  
He bends to meet each artless burst of joy,  
Forgets his age, and acts again the boy.

What tho' the iron school of War erase  
Each milder virtue, and each softer grace ;  
What tho' the fiend's torpedo-touch arrest  
Each gentler, finer impulse of the breast ;  
Still shall this active principle preside,  
And wake the tear to Pity's self denied.

The intrepid Swiss, who guards a foreign shore,  
Condemned to climb his mountain-cliffs no more,  
If chance he hears that song so sweet, so wild,  
His heart would spring to hear it when a child,  
Melts at the long-lost scenes that round him rise,  
And sinks a martyr to repentant sighs.

Ask not if courts or camps dissolve the charm :  
Say why VESPASIAN loved his Sabine farm ;  
Why great NAVARRE, when France and freedom bled,  
Sought the lone limits of a forest-shed.  
When DIOCLETIAN'S self-corrected mind  
The imperial fasces of a world resigned,  
Say why we trace the labours of his spade  
In calm Salona's philosophic shade.  
Say, when contentious CHARLES renounced a throne,  
To muse with monks unlettered and unknown,  
What from his soul the parting tribute drew ?  
What claimed the sorrows of a last adieu ?

The still retreats that soothed his tranquil breast  
Ere grandeur dazzled, and its cares oppressed.

Undamped by time, the generous Instinct glows  
Far as Angola's sands, as Zembla's snows ;  
Glow in the tiger's den, the serpent's nest,  
On every form of varied life imprest.

The social tribes its choicest influence hail :—  
And when the drum beats briskly in the gale,  
The war-worn courser charges at the sound,  
And with young vigour wheels the pasture round.

Oft has the aged tenant of the vale  
Leaned on his staff to lengthen out the tale ;  
Oft have his lips the grateful tribute breathed,  
From sire to son with pious zeal bequeathed.  
When o'er the blasted heath the day declined,  
And on the scathed oak warred the winter-wind ;  
When not a distant taper's twinkling ray  
Gleamed o'er the furze to light him on his way ;  
When not a sheep-bell soothed his listening ear,  
And the big rain-drops told the tempest near ;  
Then did his horse the homeward track descry,  
The track that shunned his sad, inquiring eye ;  
And win each wavering purpose to relent,  
With warmth so mild, so gently violent,

That his charmed hand the careless rein resigned,  
And doubts and terrors vanished from his mind.

Recall the traveller, whose altered form  
Has borne the buffet of the mountain-storm ;  
And who will first his fond impatience meet ?  
His faithful dog 's already at his feet !  
Yes, tho' the porter spurn him from the door,  
Tho' all, that knew him, know his face no more,  
His faithful dog shall tell his joy to each,  
With that mute eloquence which passes speech.—  
And see, the master but returns to die !  
Yet who shall bid the watchful servant fly ?  
The blasts of heaven, the drenching dews of earth,  
The wanton insults of unfeeling mirth,  
These, when to guard Misfortune's sacred grave,  
Will firm Fidelity exult to brave.

Led by what chart, transports the timid dove  
The wreaths of conquest, or the vows of love ?  
Say, thro' the clouds what compass points her flight ?  
Monarchs have gazed, and nations blessed the sight.  
Pile rocks on rocks, bid woods and mountains rise,  
Eclipse her native shades, her native skies :—  
'Tis vain ! thro' Ether's pathless wilds she goes,  
And lights at last where all her cares repose.

Sweet bird ! thy truth shall Harlem's walls attest,  
And unborn ages consecrate thy nest.  
When, with the silent energy of grief,  
With looks that asked, yet dared not hope relief,  
Want with her babes round generous Valour clung,  
To wring the slow surrender from his tongue,  
'Twas thine to animate her closing eye ;  
Alas ! 'twas thine perchance the first to die,  
Crushed by her meagre hand, when welcomed from  
the sky.

Hark ! the bee winds her small but mellow horn,  
Blithe to salute the sunny smile of morn,  
O'er thymy downs she bends her busy course,  
And many a stream allures her to its source.  
'Tis noon, 'tis night. That eye so finely wrought,  
Beyond the search of sense, the soar of thought,  
Now vainly asks the scenes she left behind ;  
Its orb so full, its vision so confined !  
Who guides the patient pilgrim to her cell ?  
Who bids her soul with conscious triumph swell ?  
With conscious truth, retrace the mazy clue  
Of summer-scents, that charmed her as she flew ?  
Hail, MEMORY, hail ! thy universal reign  
Guards the least link of Being's glorious chain.

THE  
PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

PART II.

Delle cose custode e dispensiera.  
TASSO.





## ANALYSIS OF THE SECOND PART.

THE Memory has hitherto acted only in subservience to the senses, and so far man is not eminently distinguished from other animals ; but, with respect to man, she has a higher province ; and is often busily employed, when excited by no external cause whatever. She preserves, for his use, the treasures of art and science, history, and philosophy. She colours all the prospects of life ; for we can only anticipate the future, by concluding what is possible from what is past. On her agency depends every effusion of the Fancy, who with the boldest effort can only compound or transpose, augment or diminish the materials which she has collected and still retains.

When the first emotions of despair have subsided, and sorrow has softened into melancholy, she amuses with a retrospect of innocent pleasures, and inspires that noble confidence which results from the consciousness of having acted well. When sleep has suspended the organs of sense from their office, she not only supplies

the mind with images, but assists in their combination. And even in madness itself, when the soul is resigned over to the tyranny of a distempered imagination, she revives past perceptions, and awakens that train of thought which was formerly most familiar.

Nor are we pleased only with a review of the brighter passages of life. Events, the most distressing in their immediate consequences, are often cherished in remembrance with a degree of enthusiasm.

But the world and its occupations give a mechanical impulse to the passions, which is not very favourable to the indulgence of this feeling. It is in a calm and well-regulated mind that the Memory is most perfect; and solitude is her best sphere of action. With this sentiment is introduced a Tale illustrative of her influence in solitude, sickness, and sorrow. And the subject having now been considered, so far as it relates to man and the animal world, the Poem concludes with a conjecture that superior beings are blest with a nobler exercise of this faculty.

THE  
P L E A S U R E S   O F   M E M O R Y .

---

SWEET MEMORY, wafted by thy gentle gale,  
Oft up the stream of Time I turn my sail,  
To view the fairy-haunts of long-lost hours,  
Blest with far greener shades, far fresher flowers.

Ages and climes remote to Thee impart  
What charms in Genius, and refines in Art ;  
Thee, in whose hand the keys of Science dwell,  
The pensive portress of her holy cell ;  
Whose constant vigils chase the chilling damp  
Oblivion steals upon her vestal-lamp.

They in their glorious course the guides of Youth,  
Whose language breathed the eloquence of Truth ;  
Whose life, beyond preceptive wisdom, taught  
The great in conduct, and the pure in thought ;  
These still exist, by Thee to Fame consigned,  
Still speak and act, the models of mankind.

From Thee gay Hope her airy colouring draws ;  
And Fancy's flights are subject to thy laws.  
From Thee that bosom-spring of rapture flows,  
Which only Virtue, tranquil Virtue, knows.

When Joy's bright sun has shed his evening-ray,  
And Hope's delusive meteors cease to play ;  
When clouds on clouds the smiling prospect close,  
Still thro' the gloom thy star serenely glows :  
Like yon fair orb, she gilds the brow of night  
With the mild magic of reflected light.

The beauteous maid, who bids the world adieu,  
Oft of that world will snatch a fond review ;  
Oft at the shrine neglect her beads, to trace  
Some social scene, some dear, familiar face :  
And ere, with iron-tongue, the vesper-bell  
Bursts thro' the cypress-walk, the convent-cell,  
Oft will her warm and wayward heart revive,  
To love and joy still tremblingly alive ;  
The whispered vow, the chaste caress prolong,  
Weave the light dance and swell the choral song ;  
With rapt ear drink the enchanting serenade,  
And, as it melts along the moonlight-glade,  
To each soft note return as soft a sigh,  
And bless the youth that bids her slumbers fly.

But not till Time has calmed the ruffled breast,  
Are these fond dreams of happiness confest.  
Not till the rushing winds forget to rave,  
Is Heaven's sweet smile reflected on the wave.

From Guinea's coast pursue the lessening sail,  
And catch the sounds that sadden every gale.  
Tell, if thou canst, the sum of sorrows there ;  
Mark the fixed gaze, the wild and frenzied glare,  
The racks of thought, and freezings of despair !  
But pause not then—beyond the western wave,  
Go, see the captive bartered as a slave !  
Crushed till his high, heroic spirit bleeds,  
And from his nerveless frame indignantly recedes.

Yet here, even here, with pleasures long resigned,  
Lo ! MEMORY bursts the twilight of the mind.  
Her dear delusions soothe his sinking soul,  
When the rude scourge assumes its base control ;  
And o'er Futurity's blank page diffuse  
The full reflection of her vivid hues.  
'Tis but to die, and then, to weep no more,  
Then will he wake on Congo's distant shore ;  
Beneath his plantain's ancient shade renew  
The simple transports that with freedom flew ;

Catch the cool breeze that musky Evening blows,  
And quaff the palm's rich nectar as it glows ;  
The oral tale of elder time rehearse,  
And chant the rude, traditionary verse  
With those, the loved companions of his youth,  
When life was luxury, and friendship truth.

Ah! why should Virtue fear the frowns of Fate?  
Hers what no wealth can buy, no power create!  
A little world of clear and cloudless day,  
Nor wrecked by storms, nor mouldered by decay;  
A world, with MEMORY's ceaseless sunshine blest,  
The home of Happiness, an honest breast.

But most we mark the wonders of her reign,  
When Sleep has locked the senses in her chain.  
When sober Judgment has his throne resigned,  
She smiles away the chaos of the mind;  
And, as warm Fancy's bright Elysium glows,  
From Her each image springs, each colour flows.  
She is the sacred guest! the immortal friend!  
Oft seen o'er sleeping Innocence to bend,  
In that dead hour of night to Silence given,  
Whispering seraphic visions of her heaven.

When the blithe son of Savoy, journeying round  
With humble wares and pipe of merry sound,

From his green vale and sheltered cabin hies,  
And scales the Alps to visit foreign skies ;  
Tho' far below the forked lightnings play,  
And at his feet the thunder dies away,  
Oft, in the saddle rudely rocked to sleep,  
While his mule browses on the dizzy steep,  
With MEMORY'S aid, he sits at home, and sees  
His children sport beneath their native trees,  
And bends to hear their cherub-voices call,  
O'er the loud fury of the torrent's fall.

But can her smile with gloomy Madness dwell ?  
Say, can she chase the horrors of his cell ?  
Each fiery flight on Frenzy's wing restrain,  
And mould the coinage of the fevered brain ?

Pass but that grate, which scarce a gleam supplies,  
There in the dust the wreck of Genius lies !  
He, whose arresting hand divinely wrought  
Each bold conception in the sphere of thought ;  
And round, in colours of the rainbow, threw  
Forms ever fair, creations ever new !  
But, as he fondly snatched the wreath of Fame,  
The spectre Poverty unnerved his frame.  
Cold was her grasp, a withering scowl she wore ;  
And Hope's soft energies were felt no more.



Yet still how sweet the soothings of his art !  
From the rude wall what bright ideas start !  
Even now he claims the amaranthine wreath, .  
With scenes that glow, with images that breathe !  
And whence these scenes, these images, declare.  
Whence but from Her who triumphs o'er despair ?

Awake, arise ! with grateful fervour fraught,  
Go, spring the mine of elevating thought.  
He, who, thro' Nature's various walk, surveys  
The good and fair her faultless line pourtrays ;  
Whose mind, profaned by no unhallowed guest,  
Culls from the crowd the purest and the best ;  
May range, at will, bright Fancy's golden clime,  
Or, musing, mount where Science sits sublime,  
Or wake the Spirit of departed Time.  
Who acts thus wisely, mark the moral Muse,  
A blooming Eden in his life reviews !  
So rich the culture, tho' so small the space,  
Its scanty limits he forgets to trace.  
But the fond fool, when evening shades the sky,  
Turns but to start, and gazes but to sigh !  
The weary waste, that lengthened as he ran,  
Fades to a blank, and dwindles to a span !

Ah ! who can tell the triumphs of the mind,  
By truth illumined, and by taste refined ?  
When age has quenched the eye, and closed the ear,  
Still nerved for action in her native sphere,  
Oft will she rise—with searching glance pursue  
Some long-loved image vanished from her view ;  
Dart thro' the deep recesses of the past,  
O'er dusky forms in chains of slumber cast ;  
With giant-grasp fling back the folds of night,  
And snatch the faithless fugitive to light.  
So thro' the grove the impatient mother flies,  
Each sunless glade, each secret pathway tries ;  
Till the thin leaves the truant boy disclose,  
Long on the wood-moss stretched in sweet repose.

Nor yet to pleasing objects are confined  
The silent feasts of the reflecting mind.  
Danger and death a dread delight inspire ;  
And the bald veteran glows with wonted fire,  
When, richly bronzed by many a summer-sun,  
He counts his scars, and tells what deeds were done.

Go, with old Thames, view Chelsea's glorious pile,  
And ask the shattered hero, whence his smile ?  
Go, view the splendid domes of Greenwich—Go.  
And own what raptures from Reflection flow.

Hail, noblest structures imaged in the wave !  
A nation's grateful tribute to the brave.  
Hail, blest retreats from war and shipwreck, hail !  
That oft arrest the wondering stranger's sail.  
Long have ye heard the narratives of age,  
The battle's havoc, and the tempest's rage ;  
Long have ye known Reflection's genial ray  
Gild the calm close of Valour's various day.

Time's sombrous touches soon correct the piece,  
Mellow each tint, and bid each discord cease :  
A softer tone of light pervades the whole,  
And steals a pensive languor o'er the soul.

Hast thou thro' Eden's wild-wood vales pursued  
Each mountain-scene, majestically rude ;  
To note the sweet simplicity of life,  
Far from the din of Folly's idle strife ;  
Nor there awhile, with lifted eye, revered  
That modest stone which pious PEMBROKE reared ;  
Which still records, beyond the pencil's power,  
The silent sorrows of a parting hour ;  
Still to the musing pilgrim points the place  
Her sainted spirit most delights to trace ?

Thus, with the manly glow of honest pride,  
O'er his dead son the gallant ORMOND sighed.

Thus, thro' the gloom of SHENSTONE'S fairy-grove,  
MARIA'S urn still breathes the voice of love.

As the stern grandeur of a Gothic tower  
Awe us less deeply in its morning-hour,  
Than when the shades of Time serenely fall  
On every broken arch and ivied wall ;  
The tender images we love to trace,  
Steal from each year a melancholy grace !  
And as the sparks of social love expand,  
As the heart opens in a foreign land ;  
And, with a brother's warmth, a brother's smile,  
The stranger greets each native of his isle ;  
So scenes of life, when present and confest,  
Stamp but their bolder features on the breast ;  
Yet not an image, when remotely viewed,  
However trivial, and however rude,  
But wins the heart, and wakes the social sigh,  
With every claim of close affinity !

But these pure joys the world can never know ;  
In gentler climes their silver currents flow.  
Oft at the silent, shadowy close of day,  
When the hushed grove has sung its parting lay ;  
When pensive Twilight, in her dusky car,  
Comes slowly on to meet the evening-star ;

Above, below, aerial murmurs swell,  
From hanging wood, brown heath, and bushy dell !  
A thousand nameless rills, that shun the light,  
Stealing soft music on the ear of night.  
So oft the finer movements of the soul,  
That shun the sphere of Pleasure's gay control,  
In the still shades of calm Seclusion rise,  
And breathe their sweet, seraphic harmonies !

Once, and domestic annals tell the time,  
(Preserved in Cumbria's rude, romantic clime)  
When Nature smiled, and o'er the landscape threw  
Her richest fragrance, and her brightest hue,  
A blithe and blooming Forester explored  
Those loftier scenes SALVATOR'S soul adored ;  
The rocky pass half hung with shaggy wood,  
And the cleft oak flung boldly o'er the flood ;  
Nor shunned the track, unknown to human tread,  
That downward to the night of caverns led ;  
Some ancient cataract's deserted bed.

High on exulting wing the heath-cock rose,  
And blew his shrill blast o'er perennial snows ;  
Ere the rapt youth, recoiling from the roar,  
Gazed on the tumbling tide of dread Lodore ;

And thro' the rifted cliffs, that scaled the sky,  
Derwent's clear mirror charmed his dazzled eye.  
Each osier isle, inverted on the wave,  
Thro' morn's gray mist its melting colours gave ;  
And, o'er the cygnet's haunt, the mantling grove  
Its emerald arch with wild luxuriance wove.

Light as the breeze that brushed the orient dew,  
From rock to rock the young Adventurer flew ;  
And day's last sunshine slept along the shore,  
When lo, a path the smile of welcome wore.  
Imbowering shrubs with verdure veiled the sky,  
And on the musk-rose shed a deeper dye ;  
Save when a bright and momentary gleam  
Glanced from the white foam of some sheltered stream.

O'er the still lake the bell of evening tolled,  
And on the moor the shepherd penned his fold ;  
And on the green hill's side the meteor played ;  
When, hark ! a voice sung sweetly thro' the shade.  
It ceased—yet still in FLORIO's fancy sung,  
Still on each note his captive spirit hung ;  
Till o'er the mead a cool, sequestered grot  
From its rich roof a sparry lustre shot.  
A crystal water crossed the pebbled floor,  
And on the front these simple lines it bore.

Hence away, nor dare intrude !  
In this secret, shadowy cell  
Musing MEMORY loves to dwell,  
With her sister Solitude.

Far from the busy world she flies,  
To taste that peace the world denies.  
Entranced she sits ; from youth to age,  
Reviewing Life's eventful page ;  
And noting, ere they fade away,  
The little lines of yesterday.

FLORIO had gained a rude and rocky seat,  
When lo, the Genius of this small retreat !  
Fair was her form—but who can hope to trace  
The pensive softness of her angel-face ?  
Can VIRGIL'S verse, can RAPHAEL'S touch impart  
Those finer features of the feeling heart,  
Those tend'rer tints that shun the careless eye  
And in the world's contagious climate die ?

She left the cave, nor marked the stranger there ;  
Her pastoral beauty and her artless air  
Had breathed a soft enchantment o'er his soul !  
In every nerve he felt her blest control !  
What pure and white-winged agents of the sky,  
Who rule the springs of sacred sympathy,



Inform congenial spirits when they meet ?  
Sweet is their office, as their natures sweet !

FLORIO, with fearful joy, pursued the maid,  
Till thro' a vista's moonlight-chequered shade,  
Where the bat circled, and the rooks reposed,  
(Their wars suspended, and their councils closed)  
An antique mansion burst in solemn state,  
A rich vine clustering round the Gothic gate.  
Nor paused he there. The master of the scene  
Saw his light step imprint the dewy green ;  
And, slow-advancing, hailed him as his guest,  
Won by the honest warmth his looks expressed.  
He wore the rustic manners of a Squire ;  
Age had not quenched one spark of manly fire ;  
But giant Gout had bound him in her chain,  
And his heart panted for the chase in vain.

Yet here Remembrance, sweetly-soothing Power !  
Winged with delight Confinement's lingering hour.  
The fox's brush still emulous to wear,  
He scoured the county in his elbow-chair ;  
And, with view-halloo, roused the dreaming hound  
That rung, by starts, his deep-toned music round.

Long by the paddock's humble pale confined,  
His aged hunters coursed the viewless wind :

And each, with glowing energy portrayed,  
The far-famed triumphs of the field displayed ;  
Usurped the canvass of the crowded hall,  
And chased a line of heroes from the wall.  
There slept the horn each jocund echo knew,  
And many a smile and many a story drew !  
High o'er the hearth his forest-trophies hung,  
And their fantastic branches wildly flung.  
How would he dwell on the vast antlers there !  
These dashed the wave, those fanned the mountain-air.  
All, as they frowned, unwritten records bore  
Of gallant feats and festivals of yore.

But why the tale prolong ?—His only child,  
His darling JULIA on the stranger smiled.  
Her little arts a fretful sire to please,  
Her gentle gaiety and native ease  
Had won his soul ; and rapturous Fancy shed  
Her golden lights, and tints of rosy red.  
But ah ! few days had passed, ere the bright vision fled !

When evening tinged the lake's ethereal blue,  
And her deep shades irregularly threw ;  
Their shifting sail dropt gently from the cove,  
Down by St. Herbert's consecrated grove ;

Whence erst the chanted hymn, the tapered rite  
Amused the fisher's solitary night ;  
And still the mitred window, richly wreathed,  
A sacred calm through the brown foliage breathed.

The wild deer, starting thro' the silent glade,  
With fearful gaze their various course surveyed.  
High hung in air the hoary goat reclined,  
His streaming beard the sport of every wind ;  
And, while the coot her jet-wing loved to lave,  
Rocked on the bosom of the sleepless wave ;  
The eagle rushed from Skiddaw's purple crest,  
A cloud still brooding o'er her giant-nest.

And now the moon had dimmed with dewy ray  
The few fine flushes of departing day.  
O'er the wide water's deep serene she hung,  
And her broad lights on every mountain flung ;  
When lo ! a sudden blast the vessel blew,  
And to the surge consigned the little crew.  
All, all escaped—but ere the lover bore  
His faint and faded JULIA to the shore,  
Her sense had fled!—Exhausted by the storm,  
A fatal trance hung o'er her pallid form ;  
Her closing eye a trembling lustre fired ;  
'Twas life's last spark—it fluttered and expired !

The father strewed his white hairs in the wind,  
Called on his child—nor lingered long behind :  
And FLORIO lived to see the willow wave,  
With many an evening-whisper, o'er their grave.  
Yes, FLORIO lived—and, still of each possessed,  
The father cherished, and the maid caressed !

For ever would the fond enthusiast rove,  
With JULIA'S spirit, thro' the shadowy grove ;  
Gaze with delight on every scene she planned,  
Kiss every floweret planted by her hand.  
Ah ! still he traced her steps along the glade,  
When hazy hues and glimmering lights betrayed  
Half-viewless forms ; still listened as the breeze  
Heaved its deep sobs among the aged trees ;  
And at each pause her melting accents caught,  
In sweet delirium of romantic thought !  
Dear was the grot that shunned the blaze of day ;  
She gave its spars to shoot a trembling ray.  
The spring, that bubbled from its inmost cell,  
Murmured of JULIA'S virtues as it fell ;  
And o'er the dripping moss, the fretted stone,  
In FLORIO'S ear breathed language not its own.  
Her charm around the enchantress MEMORY threw,  
A charm that soothes the mind, and sweetens too !

But is Her Magic only felt below ?  
Say, thro' what brighter realms she bids it flow ;  
To what pure beings, in a nobler sphere,  
She yields delight but faintly imaged here :  
All that till now their rapt researches knew,  
Not called in slow succession to review ;  
But, as a landscape meets the eye of day,  
At once presented to their glad survey !

Each scene of bliss revealed, since chaos fled,  
And dawning light its dazzling glories spread ;  
Each chain of wonders that sublimely glowed,  
Since first Creation's choral anthem flowed,  
Each ready flight, at Mercy's call divine,  
To distant worlds that undiscovered shine ;  
Full on her tablet flings its living rays,  
And all, combined, with blest effulgence blaze.

There thy bright train, immortal Friendship, soar ;  
No more to part, to mingle tears no more !  
And, as the softening hand of Time endears  
The joys and sorrows of our infant-years,  
So there the soul, released from human strife,  
Smiles at the little cares and ills of life ;  
Its lights and shades, its sunshine and its showers ;  
As at a dream that charmed her vacant hours !

Oft may the spirits of the dead descend  
To watch the silent slumbers of a friend ;  
To hover round his evening-walk unseen,  
And hold sweet converse on the dusky green ;  
To hail the spot where first their friendship grew,  
And heaven and nature opened to their view !  
Oft, when he trims his cheerful hearth, and sees  
A smiling circle emulous to please ;  
There may these gentle guests delight to dwell,  
And bless the scene they loved in life so well !

Oh thou ! with whom my heart was wont to share  
From Reason's dawn each pleasure and each care ;  
With whom, alas ! I fondly hoped to know  
The humble walks of happiness below ;  
If thy blest nature now unites above  
An angel's pity with a brother's love,  
Still o'er my life preserve thy mild control,  
Correct my views, and elevate my soul ;  
Grant me thy peace and purity of mind,  
Devout yet cheerful, active yet resigned ;  
Grant me, like thee, whose heart knew no disguise,  
Whose blameless wishes never aimed to rise,  
To meet the changes Time and Chance present,  
With modest dignity and calm content.

When thy last breath, ere Nature sunk to rest,  
Thy meek submission to thy God expressed ;  
When thy last look, ere thought and feeling fled,  
A mingled gleam of hope and triumph shed ;  
What to thy soul its glad assurance gave,  
Its hope in death, its triumph o'er the grave ?  
The sweet Remembrance of unblemished youth,  
The still inspiring voice of Innocence and Truth !

Hail, MEMORY, hail ! in thy exhaustless mine  
From age to age unnumbered treasures shine !  
Thought and her shadowy brood thy call obey,  
And Place and Time are subject to thy sway !  
Thy pleasures most we feel, when most alone ;  
The only pleasures we can call our own.  
Lighter than air, Hope's summer-visions die,  
If but a fleeting cloud obscure the sky ;  
If but a beam of sober Reason play,  
Lo, Fancy's fairy frost-work melts away !  
But can the wiles of Art, the grasp of Power,  
Snatch the rich relics of a well-spent hour ?  
These, when the trembling spirit wings her flight,  
Pour round her path a stream of living light ;  
And gild those pure and perfect realms of rest,  
Where Virtue triumphs, and her sons are blest !





## NOTES ON THE FIRST PART.

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P. 26, l. 7.

*How oft, when purple evening tinged the west,*

VIRGIL, in one of his Eclogues, describes a romantic attachment as conceived in such circumstances; and the description is so true to nature, that we must surely be indebted for it to some early recollection. "You were little when I first saw you. You were with your mother gathering fruit in our orchard, and I was your guide. I was just entering my thirteenth year, and just able to reach the boughs from the ground."

So also Zappi, an Italian Poet of the last Century: "When I used to measure myself with my goat and my goat was the tallest, even then I loved Clori."

P. 27, l. 15.

*Up springs, at every step, to claim a tear,*

I came to the place of my birth, and cried, "The friends

of my Youth, where are they?"—And an echo answered,  
 "Where are they?" From an Arabic MS.

P. 30, l. 13.

*Awake but one, and lo, what myriads rise !*

When a traveller, who was surveying the ruins of Rome, expressed a desire to possess some relic of its ancient grandeur, Poussin, who attended him, stooped down, and gathering up a handful of earth shining with small grains of porphyry, "Take this home," said he, "for your cabinet; and say boldly, *Questa è Roma Antica.*"

P. 31, l. 22.

*The churchyard yews round which his fathers sleep ;*

Every man, like Gulliver in Lilliput, is fastened to some spot of earth by the thousand small threads which habit and association are continually stealing over him. Of these, perhaps, one of the strongest is here alluded to.

When the Canadian Indians were once solicited to emigrate, "What!" they replied, "shall we say to the bones of our fathers, Arise, and go with us into a foreign land?"

P. 32, l. 7.

*So, when he breathed his firm yet fond adieu,*

He wept; but the effort that he made to conceal his tears,

concurrent with them to do him honour: he went to the mast-head, &c.—See Cook's First Voyage, book i. chap. 16.

Another very affecting instance of local attachment is related of his fellow-countryman Potaveri, who came to Europe with M. de Bougainville.—See *LES JARDINS*, chant ii.

P. 32, l. 15.

*So Scotia's Queen, &c.*

“Elle se leve sur son liet, et se met à contempler la France encore, et tant qu'elle peut.”—BRANTÔME.

P. 32, l. 23.

*Thus kindred objects kindred thoughts inspire,*

To an accidental association may be ascribed some of the noblest efforts of human genius. The historian of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire first conceived his design among the ruins of the Capitol; and to the tones of a Welsh harp are we indebted for The Bard of Gray.

P. 33, l. 3.

*Hence home-felt pleasure, &c.*

Who can enough admire the affectionate attachment of Plutarch, who thus concludes his enumeration of the advantages of a great city to men of letters? “As to myself, I live in a little town; and I choose to live there, lest it should become still less.”—Vit. Demosth.

P. 33, l. 5.

*For this young FOSCARI, &c.*

He was suspected of murder, and at Venice suspicion was good evidence. Neither the interest of the Doge, his father, nor the intrepidity of conscious innocence, which he exhibited in the dungeon and on the rack, could procure his acquittal. He was banished to the island of Candia for life.

But here his resolution failed him. At such a distance from home he could not live; and, as it was a criminal offence to solicit the intercession of any foreign prince, in a fit of despair he addressed a letter to the Duke of Milan, and intrusted it to a wretch whose perfidy, he knew, would occasion his being remanded a prisoner to Venice.

P. 33, l. 13.

*And hence the charm historic scenes impart;*

“Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses; whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings. Far from me and from my friends be such frigid philosophy as may conduct us indifferent and unmoved over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue. That man is little to be envied, whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of *Marathon*, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of *Iona*.”—JOHNSON.

P. 33, l. 18.

*And watch and weep in ELOISA's cell.*

The Paraclete, founded by Abelard, in Champagne.

P. 33, l. 19.

*'Twas ever thus. Young AMMON, when he sought*

Alexander, when he crossed the Hellespont, was in the twenty-second year of his age; and with what feelings must the Scholar of Aristotle have approached the ground described by Homer in that Poem which had been his delight from his childhood, and which records the achievements of Him from whom he claimed his descent!

It was his fancy, if we may believe tradition, to take the tiller from Menœtius, and be himself the steersman during the passage. It was his fancy also to be the first to land, and to land full-armed.—ARRIAN, i. 11.

P. 34, l. 1.

*As now at VIRGIL's tomb*

Vows and pilgrimages are not peculiar to the religious enthusiast. Silius Italicus performed annual ceremonies on the mountain of Posilipo; and it was there that Boccaccio, *quasi da un divino estro ispirato*, resolved to dedicate his life to the Muses.

P. 34, l. 3.

*So TULLY paused, amid the wrecks of Time,*

When Cicero was quæstor in Sicily, he discovered the tomb of Archimedes by its mathematical inscription.—Tusc. Quæst. v. 23.

P. 34, l. 17.

*Say why the pensive widow loves to weep,*

The influence of the associating principle is finely exemplified in the faithful Penelope, when she sheds tears over the bow of Ulysses.—Od. xxi. 55.

P. 35, l. 9.

*If chance he hears that song so sweet, so wild,**His heart would spring to hear it when a child,*

The celebrated Ranz des Vaches; “cet air si chéri des Suisses qu’il fut défendu sous peine de mort de le jouer dans leurs troupes, parce qu’il faisoit fondre en larmes, déserters ou mourir ceux qui l’entendoient, tant il excitoit en eux l’ardent désir de revoir leur pays.”—ROUSSEAU.

The *maladie de pays* is as old as the human heart. JUVENAL’S little cup-bearer

Suspirat longo non visam tempore matrem,

Et casulam, et notos tristes desiderat hædos.

And the Argive in the heat of battle

Dulces moriens reminiscitur Argos.



Nor is it extinguished by any injuries, however cruel they may be. Ludlow, write as he would over his door at Vevey,\* was still anxious to return home; and how striking is the testimony of Camillus, as it is recorded by Livy! “Equidem fatebor vobis,” says he in his speech to the Roman people, “etsi minus injuriæ vestræ quam meæ calamitatis meminisse juvat; quum abessem, quotiescunque patria in mentem veniret, hæc omnia occurrebant, colles, campique, et Tiberis, et assueta oculis regio, et hoc cælum, sub quo natus educatusque essem. Quæ vos, Quirites, nunc moveant potius caritate sua, ut maneatis in sede vestra, quam postea quum reliqueritis ea, macerent desiderio.”—V. 54.

P. 35, l. 14.

*Say why VESPASIAN loved his Sabine farm;*

This emperor, according to Suetonius, constantly passed the summer in a small villa near Reate, where he was born, and to which he would never add any embellishment; *ne quid scilicet oculorum consuetudini deperiret*.—Suet. in Vit. Vesp. cap. ii.

A similar instance occurs in the life of the venerable Pertinax, as related by J. Capitolinus. “Posteaquam in Liguriam venit, multis agris coemptis, tabernam paternam, *manente formâ priore*, infinitis ædificiis circumdedit.”—Hist. August. 54.

And it is said of Cardinal Richelieu, that, when he built his

\* Omne solum forti patria est, quia Patris.

magnificent palace on the site of the old family chateau at Richelieu, he sacrificed its symmetry to preserve the room in which he was born.—*Mém. de Mlle. de Montpensier*, i. 27.

An attachment of this nature is generally the characteristic of a benevolent mind; and a long acquaintance with the world cannot always extinguish it.

“To a friend,” says John, Duke of Buckingham, “I will expose my weakness: I am oftener missing a pretty gallery in the old house I pulled down, than pleased with a saloon which I built in its stead, though a thousand times better in all respects.”—See his Letter to the D. of Sh.

This is the language of the heart, and will remind the reader of that good-humoured remark in one of Pope’s letters—“I should hardly care to have an old post pulled up, that I remembered ever since I was a child.”

The author of *Telemachus* has illustrated this subject with equal fancy and feeling, in the Story of Alibée Persan.

P. 35, l. 15.

*Why great NAVARRE, &c.*

That amiable and accomplished monarch, Henry the Fourth of France, made an excursion from his camp, during the long siege of Laon, to dine at a house in the forest of Folambray; where he had often been regaled, when a boy, with fruit, milk, and new cheese; and in revisiting which he promised himself great pleasure.—*Mém. de SULLY*.

P. 35, l. 17.

*When* DIOCLETIAN'S *self-corrected mind*

Diocletian retired into his native province, and there amused himself with building, planting, and gardening. His answer to Maximian is deservedly celebrated. "If," said he, "I could show him the cabbages which I have planted with my own hands at Salona, he would no longer solicit me to return to a throne."

P. 35, l. 21.

*Say, when contentious* CHARLES, *ſc.*

When the Emperor Charles the Fifth had executed his memorable resolution, and had set out for the monastery of Justé, he stopped a few days at Ghent to indulge that tender and pleasant melancholy, which arises in the mind of every man in the decline of life, on visiting the place of his birth, and the objects familiar to him in his early youth.

P. 35, l. 22.

*To muse with monks, ſc.*

Monjes solitarios del glorioso padre San Geronimo, says Sandova.

In a corner of the Convent-garden there is this inscription. En esta santa casa de S. Geronimo de Justé se retiró à acabar su vida Carlos V. Emperador, &c.—PONZ.

P. 36, l. 21.

*Then did his horse the homeward track descry,*

The memory of the horse forms the ground-work of a pleasing little romance, entitled, "Lai du Palefroi vair."—See Fabliaux du XII. Siècle.

Ariosto likewise introduces it in a passage full of truth and nature. When Bayardo meets Angelica in the forest,

. . . . Va mansueto a la Donzella,  
 . . . . .  
 Ch'in Albracca il servia già di sua mano.

ORLANDO FURIOSO, i. 75.

P. 38, l. 1.

*Sweet bird! thy truth shall Harlem's walls attest,*

During the siege of Harlem, when that city was reduced to the last extremity, and on the point of opening its gates to a base and barbarous enemy, a design was formed to relieve it; and the intelligence was conveyed to the citizens by a letter which was tied under the wing of a pigeon.—THUANUS, lv. 5.

The same messenger was employed at the siege of Mutina, as we are informed by the elder Pliny.—Nat. Hist. x. 37.

P. 38, l. 11.

*Hark! the bee, &c.*

This little animal, from the extreme convexity of her eye, cannot see many inches before her.

## NOTES ON THE SECOND PART.

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P. 43, l. 11.

*They in their glorious course*

TRUE Glory, says one of the Ancients, is to be acquired by doing what deserves to be written, and writing what deserves to be read ; and by making the world the happier and the better for our having lived in it.

P. 43, l. 15.

*These still exist, &c.*

There is a future Existence even in this world, an Existence in the hearts and minds of those who shall live after us.\* It is in reserve for every man, however obscure ; and his portion, if he is diligent, must be equal to his desires. For in whose remembrance can we wish to hold a place, but such as know, and are known by us ? These are within the sphere of our influence, and among these and their descendants we may live for evermore.

\* De tous les biens humains c'est le seul que la mort ne nous peut ravir.  
—BOSSUET.

It is a state of rewards and punishments; and, like that revealed to us in the Gospel, has the happiest influence on our lives. The latter excites us to gain the favour of God, the former to gain the love and esteem of wise and good men; and both lead to the same end; for, in framing our conceptions of the DEITY, we only ascribe to Him exalted degrees of Wisdom and Goodness.

P. 46, l. 7.

*Ah, why should Virtue fear the frowns of Fate?*

The highest reward of Virtue is Virtue herself, as the severest punishment of Vice is Vice herself.

P. 48, l. 1.

*Yet still how sweet the soothings of his art!*

The astronomer chalking his figures on the wall, in Hogarth's view of Bedlam, is an admirable exemplification of this idea.—See the RAKE'S PROGRESS, plate 8.

P. 48, l. 21.

*Turns but to start, and gazes but to sigh!*

The following stanzas\* are said to have been written on a blank leaf of this Poem. They present so affecting a reverse of the picture, that I cannot resist the opportunity of introducing them here.

Pleasures of Memory!—oh! supremely blest,  
And justly proud beyond a Poet's praise;

\* By Henry F. R. Soame of Trinity College, Cambridge.

If the pure confines of thy tranquil breast  
 Contain, indeed, the subject of thy lays!  
 By me how envied!—for to me,  
 The herald still of misery,  
 Memory makes her influence known  
 By sighs and tears, and grief alone:  
 I greet her as the fiend, to whom belong  
 The vulture's ravening beak, the raven's funeral song.

She tells of time misspent, of comfort lost,  
 Of fair occasions gone for ever by;  
 Of hopes too fondly nursed, too rudely crossed,  
 Of many a cause to wish, yet fear to die;  
 For what, except the instinctive fear  
 Lest she survive, detains me here,  
 When "all the life of life" is fled?—  
 What, but the deep inherent dread,  
 Lest she beyond the grave resume her reign,  
 And realize the hell that priests and beldams feign?

P. 50, l. 13.

*Hast thou thro' Eden's wild-wood vales pursued*

On the road-side between Penrith and Appleby there stands a small pillar with this inscription:

"This pillar was erected in the year 1656, by Ann, Countess Dowager of Pembroke, &c. for a memorial of her last parting, in this place, with her good and pious mother, Margaret Countess Dowager of Cumberland, on the 2nd of April, 1616; in memory whereof she hath left an annuity of 4*l.* to be distributed to the poor of the parish of Brougham, every 2nd day of April for ever, upon the stone-table placed hard by. *Laus Deo!*"



The Eden is the principal river of Cumberland, and rises in the wildest part of Westmoreland.

P. 50, l. 24.

*O'er his dead son the gallant ORMOND sighed.*

"I would not exchange my dead son," said he, "for any living son in Christendom."—HUME.

The same sentiment is inscribed on an urn at the Leasowes. "Heu, quanto minus est cum reliquis versari, quam tui meminisse!"

P. 56, l. 23.

*Down by St. Herbert's consecrated grove;*

A small island covered with trees, among which were formerly the ruins of a religious house.

P. 57, l. 17.

*When lo! a sudden blast the vessel blew.*

In a mountain-lake the agitations are often violent and momentary. The winds blow in gusts and eddies; and the water no sooner swells, than it subsides.—See BOURN'S Hist. of Westmoreland.

P. 59, l. 3.

*To what pure beings, in a nobler sphere,*

The several degrees of angels may probably have larger views, and some of them be endowed with capacities able to retain together, and constantly set before them as in one picture, all their past knowledge at once.—LOCKE.

# HUMAN LIFE.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*Introduction—Ringling of bells in a neighbouring Village on the Birth of an Heir—General Reflections on Human Life—The Subject proposed—Childhood—Youth—Manhood—Love—Marriage—Domestic Happiness and Affliction—War—Peace—Civil Dissension—Retirement from Active Life—Old Age and its Enjoyments—Conclusion.*

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## H U M A N   L I F E .

THE lark has sung his carol in the sky ;  
The bees have hummed their noontide harmony.  
Still in the vale the village-bells ring round,  
Still in Llewellyn-hall the jests resound :  
For now the caudle-cup is circling there,  
Now, glad at heart, the gossips breathe their prayer,  
And, crowding, stop the cradle to admire  
The babe, the sleeping image of his sire.

A few short years—and then these sounds shall hail  
The day again, and gladness fill the vale ;  
So soon the child a youth, the youth a man,  
Eager to run the race his fathers ran.  
Then the huge ox shall yield the broad sir-loin ;  
The ale, now brewed, in floods of amber shine :  
And, basking in the chimney's ample blaze,  
'Mid many a tale told of his boyish days,

The nurse shall cry, of all her ills beguiled,  
“ ’Twas on these knees he sate so oft and smiled.”

And soon again shall music swell the breeze ;  
Soon, issuing forth, shall glitter through the trees  
Vestures of nuptial white ; and hymns be sung,  
And violets scattered round ; and old and young,  
In every cottage-porch with garlands green,  
Stand still to gaze, and, gazing, bless the scene ;  
While, her dark eyes declining, by his side  
Moves in her virgin-veil the gentle bride.

And once, alas, nor in a distant hour,  
Another voice shall come from yonder tower ;  
When in dim chambers long black weeds are seen,  
And weepings heard where only joy has been ;  
When by his children borne, and from his door  
Slowly departing to return no more,  
He rests in holy earth with them that went before.

And such is Human Life ; so gliding on,  
It glimmers like a meteor, and is gone !  
Yet is the tale, brief though it be, as strange,  
As full, methinks, of wild and wondrous change,  
As any that the wandering tribes require,  
Stretched in the desert round their evening-fire ;



As any sung of old in hall or bower  
To minstrel-harps at midnight's witching hour!

Born in a trance, we wake, observe, inquire;  
And the green earth, the azure sky admire.  
Of Elfin-size—for ever as we run,  
We cast a longer shadow in the sun!  
And now a charm, and now a grace is won!  
We grow in stature, and in wisdom too!  
And, as new scenes, new objects rise to view,  
Think nothing done while aught remains to do.

Yet, all forgot, how oft the eyelids close,  
And from the slack hand drops the gathered rose!  
How oft, as dead, on the warm turf we lie,  
While many an emmet comes with curious eye;  
And on her nest the watchful wren sits by!  
Nor do we speak or move, or hear or see;  
So like what once we were, and once again shall be!

And say, how soon, where, blithe as innocent,  
The boy at sunrise carolled as he went,  
An aged pilgrim on his staff shall lean,  
Tracing in vain the footsteps o'er the green;  
The man himself how altered, not the scene!  
Now journeying home with nothing but the name;  
Way-worn and spent, another and the same!

No eye observes the growth or the decay.  
To-day we look as we did yesterday;  
And we shall look to-morrow as to-day.  
Yet while the loveliest smiles her locks grow gray!  
And in her glass could she but see the face  
She'll see so soon amid another race,  
How would she shrink!—Returning from afar,  
After some years of travel, some of war,  
Within his gate Ulysses stood unknown  
Before a wife, a father, and a son!

And such is Human Life, the general theme.  
Ah, what at best, what but a longer dream?  
Though with such wild romantic wanderings fraught,  
Such forms in Fancy's richest colouring wrought,  
That, like the visions of a love-sick brain,  
Who would not sleep and dream them o'er again?

Our pathway leads but to a precipice;  
And all must follow, fearful as it is!  
From the first step 'tis known; but—No delay!  
On, 'tis decreed. We tremble and obey.  
A thousand ills beset us as we go.  
—"Still, could I shun the fatal gulf"—Ah, no,  
'Tis all in vain—the inexorable Law!  
Nearer and nearer to the brink we draw.

Verdure springs up ; and fruits and flowers invite,  
And groves and fountains—all things that delight.  
“ Oh, I would stop, and linger if I might !”

We fly ; no resting for the foot we find ;  
All dark before, all desolate behind !  
At length the brink appears—but one step more !  
We faint—On, on !—we falter—and 'tis o'er !

Yet here high passions, high desires unfold,  
Prompting to noblest deeds ; here links of gold  
Bind soul to soul ; and thoughts divine inspire  
A thirst unquenchable, a holy fire  
That will not, cannot but with life expire !

Now, seraph-winged, among the stars we soar ;  
Now distant ages, like a day, explore,  
And judge the act, the actor now no more ;  
Or, in a thankless hour condemned to live,  
From others claim what these refuse to give,  
And dart, like MILTON, an unerring eye  
Through the dim curtains of Futurity.

Wealth, Pleasure, Ease, all thought of self resigned,  
What will not Man encounter for Mankind ?  
Behold him now unbar the prison-door,  
And, lifting Guilt, Contagion from the floor,  
To Peace and Health, and Light and Life restore ;

Now in 'Thermopylæ remain to share  
Death—nor look back, nor turn a footstep there,  
Leaving his story to the birds of air ;  
And now like Pylades (in heaven they write  
Names such as his in characters of light)  
Long with his friend in generous enmity,  
Pleading, insisting in his place to die !

Do what he will, he cannot realize  
Half he conceives—the glorious vision flies.  
Go where he may, he cannot hope to find  
The truth, the beauty pictured in his mind.  
But if by chance an object strike the sense,  
The faintest shadow of that Excellence,  
Passions, that slept, are stirring in his frame ;  
Thoughts undefined, feelings without a name !  
And some, not here called forth, may slumber on  
Till this vain pageant of a world is gone ;  
Lying too deep for things that perish here,  
Waiting for life—but in a nobler sphere !

Look where he comes ! Rejoicing in his birth,  
Awhile he moves as in a heaven on earth !  
Sun, moon, and stars—the land, the sea, the sky  
'To him shine out as in a galaxy !

But soon 'tis past—the light has died away !  
With him it came (it was not of the day)  
And he himself diffused it, like the stone  
That sheds awhile a lustre all its own,  
Making night beautiful. 'Tis past, 'tis gone,  
And in his darkness as he journeys on,  
Nothing revives him but the blessed ray  
That now breaks in, nor ever knows decay,  
Sent from a better world to light him on his way.

How great the Mystery ! Let others sing  
The circling Year, the promise of the Spring,  
The Summer's glory, and the rich repose  
Of Autumn, and the Winter's silvery snows.  
Man through the changing scene let me pursue,  
Himself how wondrous in his changes too !  
Not Man, the sullen savage in his den ;  
But Man called forth in fellowship with men ;  
Schooled and trained up to Wisdom from his birth ;  
God's noblest work—His image upon earth !

The day arrives, the moment wished and feared ;  
The child is born, by many a pang endeared.  
And now the mother's ear has caught his cry ;  
Oh grant the cherub to her asking eye !

He comes—she clasps him. To her bosom pressed,  
He drinks the balm of life, and drops to rest.

Her by her smile how soon the Stranger knows ;  
How soon by his the glad discovery shows !  
As to her lips she lifts the lovely boy,  
What answering looks of sympathy and joy !  
He walks, he speaks. In many a broken word  
His wants, his wishes, and his griefs are heard.  
And ever, ever to her lap he flies,  
When rosy Sleep comes on with sweet surprise.  
Locked in her arms, his arms across her flung,  
(That name most dear for ever on his tongue)  
As with soft accents round her neck he clings,  
And, cheek to cheek, her lulling song she sings,  
How blest to feel the beatings of his heart,  
Breathe his sweet breath, and kiss for kiss impart ;  
Watch o'er his slumbers like the brooding dove,  
And, if she can, exhaust a mother's love !

But soon a nobler task demands her care.  
Apart she joins his little hands in prayer,  
Telling of Him who sees in secret there !—  
And now the volume on her knee has caught  
His wandering eye—now many a written thought

Never to die, with many a lispng sweet  
His moving, murmuring lips endeavour to repeat.

Released, he chases the bright butterfly ;  
Oh he would follow—follow through the sky !  
Climbs the gaunt mastiff slumbering in his chain,  
And chides and buffets, clinging by the mane ;  
Then runs, and, kneeling by the fountain-side,  
Sends his brave ship in triumph down the tide,  
A dangerous voyage ; or, if now he can,  
If now he wears the habit of a man,  
Flings off the coat so long his pride and pleasure,  
And, like a miser digging for his treasure,  
His tiny spade in his own garden plies,  
And in green letters sees his name arise !  
Where'er he goes, for ever in her sight,  
She looks, and looks, and still with new delight !

Ah who, when fading of itself away,  
Would cloud the sunshine of his little day !  
Now is the May of Life. Exulting round,  
Joy wings his feet, Joy lifts him from the ground !  
Pointing to such, well might Cornelia say,  
When the rich casket shone in bright array,  
“These are MY Jewels !” Well of such as he,  
When JESUS spake, well might his language be,  
“Suffer these little ones to come to me !”



Thoughtful by fits, he scans and he reverts  
The brow engraven with the Thoughts of Years ;  
Close by her side his silent homage given  
As to some pure Intelligence from Heaven ;  
His eyes cast downward with ingenuous shame,  
His conscious cheeks, conscious of praise or blame,  
At once lit up as with a holy flame !  
He thirsts for knowledge, speaks but to inquire ;  
And soon with tears relinquished to the Sire,  
Soon in his hand to Wisdom's temple led,  
Holds secret converse with the Mighty Dead ;  
Trembles and thrills and weeps as they inspire,  
Burns as they burn, and with congenial fire !  
Like Her most gentle, most unfortunate,  
Crowned but to die—who in her chamber sate  
Musing with Plato, though the horn was blown,  
And every ear and every heart was won,  
And all in green array were chasing down the sun !

Then is the Age of Admiration—Then  
Gods walk the earth, or beings more than men ;  
Who breathe the soul of Inspiration round,  
Whose very shadows consecrate the ground !  
Ah, then comes thronging many a wild desire,  
And high imagining and thought of fire !  
Then from within a voice exclaims " Aspire !"

Phantoms, that upward point, before him pass,  
As in the Cave athwart the Wizard's glass ;  
They, that on Youth a grace, a lustre shed,  
Of every Age—the living and the dead !  
Thou, all-accomplished SURREY, thou art known ;  
The flower of Knighthood, nipt as soon as blown !  
Melting all hearts but Geraldine's alone !  
And, with his beaver up, discovering there  
One who loved less to conquer than to spare,  
Lo, the Black Warrior, he, who, battle-spent,  
Bare-headed served the Captive in his tent !  
Young B—— in the groves of Academe,  
Or where Ilyssus winds his whispering stream ;  
Or where the wild bees swarm with ceaseless hum,  
Dreaming old dreams—a joy for years to come ;  
Or on the Rock within the sacred Fane ;—  
Scenes such as MILTON sought, but sought in vain :\*  
And MILTON's self, (at that thrice-honoured name  
Well may we glow—as men, we share his fame)  
And MILTON's self, apart with beaming eye,  
Planning he knows not what—that shall not die !

\* He had arrived at Naples, and was preparing to visit Sicily and Greece, when, hearing of the troubles in England, he thought it proper to hasten home.

Oh in thy truth secure, thy virtue bold,  
Beware the poison in the cup of gold,  
The asp among the flowers. Thy heart beats high,  
As bright and brighter breaks the distant sky!  
But every step is on enchanted ground:  
Danger thou lov'st, and Danger haunts thee round.

Who spurs his horse against the mountain-side;  
Then, plunging, slakes his fury in the tide?  
Draws, and cries ho! and, where the sunbeams fall,  
At his own shadow thrusts along the wall?  
Who dances without music; and anon  
Sings like the lark—then sighs as woe-begone,  
And folds his arms, and, where the willows wave,  
Glides in the moonshine by a maiden's grave?  
Come hither, boy, and clear thy open brow.  
Yon summer-clouds, now like the Alps, and now  
A ship, a whale, change not so fast as thou.

He hears me not—Those sighs were from the heart.  
Too, too well taught, he plays the lover's part.  
He who at masques, nor feigning nor sincere,  
With sweet discourse would win a lady's ear,  
Lie at her feet and on her slipper swear  
That none were half so faultless, half so fair,

Now through the forest lies, a stricken deer,  
A banished man, flying when none are near ;  
And writes on every tree, and lingers long  
Where most the nightingale repeats her song ;  
Where most the nymph, that haunts the silent grove,  
Delights to syllable the names we love.

Two on his steps attend, in motley clad ;  
One woeful-wan, one merrier yet as mad ;  
Called Hope and Fear. Hope shakes his cap and bells,  
And flowers spring up among the woodland dells.  
To Hope he listens, wandering without measure  
Thro' sun and shade, lost in a trance of pleasure ;  
And, if to Fear but for a weary mile,  
Hope follows fast and wins him with a smile.

At length he goes—a Pilgrim to the Shrine,  
And for a relic would a world resign !  
A glove, a shoe-tie, or a flower let fall—  
What though the least, Love consecrates them all !  
And now he breathes in many a plaintive verse ;  
Now wins the dull ear of the wily nurse  
At early matins ('twas at matin-time  
That first he saw and sickened in his prime)  
And soon the Sibyl, in her thirst for gold,  
Plays with young hearts that will not be controlled.

“Absence from Thee—as self from self it seems!”  
Scaled is the garden-wall; and lo, her beams  
Silvering the east, the moon comes up, revealing  
His well-known form along the terrace stealing.  
—Oh, ere in sight he came, ’twas his to thrill  
A heart that loved him, though in secret still.  
“Am I awake? or is it . . . can it be  
“An idle dream? Nightly it visits me!  
“—That strain,” she cries, “as from the water rose.  
“Now near and nearer through the shade it flows!—  
“Now sinks departing—sweetest in its close!”  
No casement gleams; no Juliet, like the day,  
Comes forth and speaks and bids her lover stay.  
Still, like aerial music heard from far,  
Nightly it rises with the evening star.

—“She loves another! Love was in that sigh!”  
On the cold ground he throws himself to die.  
Fond Youth, beware. Thy heart is most deceiving.  
Who wish are fearful; who suspect, believing,  
—And soon her looks the rapturous truth avow.  
Lovely before, oh, say how lovely now!  
She flies not, frowns not, though he pleads his cause;  
Nor yet—nor yet her hand from his withdraws;

But by some secret Power surprised, subdued,  
(Ah how resist? And would she if she could?)  
Falls on his neck as half unconscious where,  
Glad to conceal her tears, her blushes there.

Then come those full confidings of the past ;  
All sunshine now, where all was overcast.  
Then do they wander till the day is gone,  
Lost in each other ; and when Night steals on,  
Covering them round, how sweet her accents are !  
Oh when she turns and speaks, her voice is far,  
Far above singing !—But soon nothing stirs  
To break the silence—Joy like his, like hers,  
Deals not in words ; and now the shadows close,  
Now in the glimmering, dying light she grows  
Less and less earthly ! As departs the day,  
All that was mortal seems to melt away,  
Till, like a gift resumed as soon as given,  
She fades at last into a Spirit from Heaven !

Then are they blest indeed ; and swift the hours  
Till her young Sisters wreath her hair in flowers,  
Kindling her beauty—while, unseen, the least  
Twitches her robe, then runs behind the rest,  
Known by her laugh that will not be suppressed.

Then before All they stand—the holy vow  
And ring of gold, no fond illusions now,  
Bind her as his. Across the threshold led,  
And every tear kissed off as soon as shed,  
His house she enters—there to be a light  
Shining within, when all without is night ;  
A guardian-angel o'er his life presiding,  
Doubling his pleasures, and his cares dividing ;  
Winning him back, when mingling in the throng,  
From a vain world we love, alas! too long,  
To fireside happiness, to hours of ease,  
Blest with that charm, the certainty to please.  
How oft her eyes read his ; her gentle mind  
To all his wishes, all his thoughts inclined ;  
Still subject—ever on the watch to borrow  
Mirth of his mirth, and sorrow of his sorrow.  
The soul of music slumbers in the shell,  
Till waked and kindled by the master's spell ;  
And feeling hearts—touch them but rightly—pour  
A thousand melodies unheard before ;

Nor many moons o'er hill and valley rise  
Ere to the gate with nymph-like step she flies,  
And their first-born holds forth, their darling boy,  
With smiles how sweet, how full of love and joy,

To meet him coming ; theirs through every year  
Pure transports, such as each to each endear !  
And laughing eyes and laughing voices fill  
Their home with gladness. She, when all are still,  
Comes and undraws the curtain as they lie,  
In sleep how beautiful ! He, when the sky  
Gleams, and the wood sends up its harmony,  
When, gathering round his bed, they climb to share  
His kisses, and with gentle violence there  
Break in upon a dream not half so fair,  
Up to the hill-top leads their little feet ;  
Or by the forest-lodge, perchance to meet  
The stag-herd on its march, perchance to hear  
The otter rustling in the sedgy mere ;  
Or to the echo near the Abbot's tree,  
That gave him back his words of pleasantry—  
When the House stood, no merrier man than he !  
And, as they wander with a keen delight,  
If but a leveret catch their quicker sight  
Down a green alley, or a squirrel then  
Climb the gnarled oak, and look and climb again,  
If but a moth flit by, an acorn fall,  
He turns their thoughts to Him who made them all ;



These with unequal footsteps following fast,  
These clinging by his cloak, unwilling to be last.  
The shepherd on Tornaro's misty brow,  
And the swart seaman, sailing far below,  
Not undelighted watch the morning ray  
Purpling the orient—till it breaks away,  
And burns and blazes into glorious day!  
But happier still is he who bends to trace  
That sun, the soul, just dawning in the face;  
The burst, the glow, the animating strife,  
The thoughts and passions stirring into life;  
The forming utterance, the inquiring glance,  
The giant waking from his tenfold trance,  
Till up he starts as conscious whence he came,  
And all is light within the trembling frame!

What then a Father's feelings? Joy and Fear  
In turn prevail, Joy most; and through the year  
Tempering the ardent, urging night and day  
Him who shrinks back or wanders from the way,  
Praising each highly—from a wish to raise  
Their merits to the level of his Praise,  
Onward in their observing sight he moves,  
Fearful of wrong, in awe of whom he loves!



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Their sacred presence who shall dare profane ?  
Who, when He slumbers, hope to fix a stain ?  
He lives a model in his life to show,  
That, when he dies and through the world they go,  
Some men may pause and say, when some admire,  
“ They are his sons, and worthy of their sire !”

But man is born to suffer. On the door  
Sickness has set her mark ; and now no more  
Laughter within we hear, or wood-notes wild  
As of a mother singing to her child.  
All now in anguish from that room retire,  
Where a young cheek glows with consuming fire,  
And Innocence breathes contagion—all but one,  
But she who gave it birth—from her alone  
The medicine-cup is taken. Through the night,  
And through the day, that with its dreary light  
Comes unregarded, she sits silent by,  
Watching the changes with her anxious eye :  
While they without, listening below, above,  
(Who but in sorrow know how much they love ?)  
From every little noise catch hope and fear,  
Exchanging still, still as they turn to hear,  
Whispers and sighs, and smiles all tenderness,  
That would in vain the starting tear repress.

Such grief was ours—it seems but yesterday—  
When in thy prime, wishing so much to stay,  
'Twas thine, Maria, thine without a sigh  
At midnight in a Sister's arms to die!  
Oh thou wert lovely—lovely was thy frame,  
And pure thy spirit as from Heaven it came!  
And, when recalled to join the blest above,  
Thou diedst a victim to exceeding love,  
Nursing the young to health. In happier hours,  
When idle Fancy wove luxuriant flowers,  
Once in thy mirth thou bad'st me write on thee;  
And now I write—what thou shalt never see!

At length the Father, vain his power to save,  
Follows his child in silence to the grave,  
(That child how cherished, whom he would not give,  
Sleeping the sleep of death, for All that live;)  
Takes a last look, when, not unheard, the spade  
Scatters the earth as “dust to dust” is said,  
Takes a last look and goes; his best relief  
Consoling others in that hour of grief,  
And with sweet tears and gentle words infusing  
The holy calm that leads to heavenly musing.

But hark, the din of arms! no time for sorrow.  
To horse, to horse! A day of blood to-morrow!

One parting pang, and then—and then I fly,  
Fly to the field, to triumph—or to die!—  
He goes, and Night comes as it never came!  
With shrieks of horror!—and a vault of flame!  
And lo! when morning mocks the desolate,  
Red runs the river by; and at the gate  
Breathless a horse without his rider stands!  
But hush! . . . a shout from the victorious bands!  
And oh the smiles and tears, a sire restored!  
One wears his helm, one buckles on his sword;  
One hangs the wall with laurel-leaves, and all  
Spring to prepare the soldier's festival;  
While She best-loved, till then forsaken never,  
Clings round his neck as she would cling for ever!

Such golden deeds lead on to golden days,  
Days of domestic peace—by him who plays  
On the great stage how uneventful thought;  
Yet with a thousand busy projects fraught,  
A thousand incidents that stir the mind  
To pleasure, such as leaves no sting behind!  
Such as the heart delights in—and records  
Within how silently—in more than words!  
A Holiday—the frugal banquet spread  
On the fresh herbage near the fountain-head

With quips and cranks — what time the wood-lark  
there

Scatters her loose notes on the sultry air,  
What time the king-fisher sits perched below,  
Where, silver-bright, the water-lilies blow :—  
A Wake—the booths whitening the village-green,  
Where Punch and Scaramouch aloft are seen ;  
Sign beyond sign in close array unfurled,  
Picturing at large the wonders of the world ;  
And far and wide, over the vicar's pale,  
Black hoods and scarlet crossing hill and dale,  
All, all abroad, and music in the gale :—  
A Wedding-dance—a dance into the night  
On the barn-floor, when maiden-feet are light ;  
When the young bride receives the promised dower,  
And flowers are flung, herself a fairer flower :—  
A morning-visit to the poor man's shed,  
(Who would be rich while One was wanting bread ?)  
When all are emulous to bring relief,  
And tears are falling fast—but not for grief :—  
A Walk in Spring—GRATTAN, like those with thee  
By the heath-side (who had not envied me ?)  
When the sweet limes, so full of bees in June,  
Led us to meet beneath their boughs at noon ;

And thou didst say which of the Great and Wise,  
Could they but hear and at thy bidding rise,  
Thou wouldst call up and question.

Graver things

Come in their turn. Morning, and Evening, brings  
Its holy office ; and the sabbath-bell,  
That over wood and wild and mountain-dell  
Wanders so far, chasing all thoughts unholy  
With sounds most musical, most melancholy.  
Not on his ear is lost. Then he pursues  
The pathway leading through the aged yews,  
Nor unattended ; and, when all are there,  
Pours out his spirit in the House of Prayer,  
That House with many a funeral-garland hung\*  
Of virgin-white—memorials of the young,  
The last yet fresh when marriage-chimes were ringing,  
And hope and joy in other hearts were springing ;  
That House, where Age led in by Filial Love,  
Their looks composed, their thoughts on things above,  
The world forgot, or all its wrongs forgiven—  
Who would not say they trod the path to Heaven ?

Nor at the fragrant hour—at early dawn—  
Under the elm-tree on his level lawn,

\* A custom in some of our country-churches.



Or in his porch is he less duly found,  
When they that cry for Justice gather round,  
And in that cry her sacred voice is drowned ;  
His then to hear and weigh and arbitrate,  
Like ALFRED judging at his palace-gate.  
Healed at his touch, the wounds of discord close ;  
And they return as friends, that came as foes.

Thus, while the world but claims its proper part,  
Oft in the head but never in the heart,  
His life steals on ; within his quiet dwelling  
That homefelt joy all other joys excelling.  
Sick of the crowd, when enters he—nor then  
Forgets the cold indifference of men ?

Soon through the gadding vine the sun looks in,  
And gentle hands the breakfast-rite begin.  
Then the bright kettle sings its matin-song,  
Then fragrant clouds of Mocha and Souchong  
Blend as they rise ; and (while without are seen,  
Sure of their meal, the small birds on the green ;  
And in from far a schoolboy's letter flies,  
Flushing the sister's cheek with glad surprise)  
That sheet unfolds (who reads, that reads it not ?)  
Born with the day and with the day forgot ;

Its ample page various as human life,  
The pomp, the woe, the bustle, and the strife !

But nothing lasts. In Autumn at his plough  
Met and solicited, behold him now  
Leaving that humbler sphere his fathers knew,  
The sphere that Wisdom loves, and Virtue too ;  
They who subsist not on the vain applause  
Misjudging man now gives and now withdraws.

'Twas morn—the sky-lark o'er the furrow sung  
As from his lips the slow consent was wrung ;  
As from the glebe his fathers tilled of old,  
The plough they guided in an age of gold,  
Down by the beech-wood side he turned away :—  
And now behold him in an evil day  
Serving the State again—not as before,  
Not foot to foot, the war-whoop at his door,  
But in the Senate ; and (though round him fly  
The jest, the sneer, the subtle sophistry,)  
With honest dignity, with manly sense,  
And every charm of natural eloquence,  
Like HAMPDEN struggling in his Country's cause,  
The first, the foremost to obey the laws,  
The last to brook oppression. On he moves,  
Careless of blame while his own heart approves,

Careless of ruin—(“ For the general good  
’Tis not the first time I shall shed my blood.”)  
On thro’ that gate misnamed, thro’ which before  
Went Sidney, Russell, Raleigh, Cranmer, More,  
On into twilight within walls of stone,  
Then to the place of trial ; and alone,  
Alone before his judges in array  
Stands for his life : there, on that awful day,  
Counsel of friends—all human help denied—  
All but from her who sits the pen to guide,  
Like that sweet Saint who sat by RUSSELL’S side  
Under the Judgment-seat.

But guilty men  
Triumph not always. To his hearth again,  
Again with honour to his hearth restored,  
Lo, in the accustomed chair and at the board,  
’Thrice greeting those who most withdraw their claim,  
(The lowliest servant calling by his name)  
He reads thanksgiving in the eyes of all,  
All met as at a holy festival !  
—On the day destined for his funeral !  
Lo, there the Friend, who, entering where he lay,  
Breathed in his drowsy ear “ Away, away !  
“ Take thou *my* cloak—Nay, start not, but obey—

“ Take it and leave me.” And the blushing Maid,  
Who thro’ the streets as thro’ a desert strayed ;  
And, when her dear, dear Father passed along,  
Would not be held — but bursting through the  
throng,  
Halberd and battle-axe—kissed him o’er and o’er ;  
Then turned and went—then sought him as before,  
Believing she should see his face no more !  
And oh, how changed at once—no heroine here,  
But a weak woman worn with grief and fear,  
Her darling Mother ! ’Twas but now she smiled ;  
And now she weeps upon her weeping child !  
—But who sits by, her only wish below  
At length fulfilled—and now prepared to go ?  
His hands on hers—as through the mists of night,  
She gazes on him with imperfect sight ;  
Her glory now, as ever her delight !  
To her, methinks, a second Youth is given ;  
The light upon her face a light from heaven !

An hour like this is worth a thousand passed  
In pomp or ease—’Tis present to the last !  
Years glide away untold—’Tis still the same !  
As fresh, as fair as on the day it came !

And now once more where most he loved to be,  
In his own fields—breathing tranquillity—  
We hail him—not less happy, Fox, than thee!  
Thee at St. Anne's so soon of Care beguiled,  
Playful, sincere, and artless as a child!  
Thee, who wouldst watch a bird's nest on the spray,  
Through the green leaves exploring, day by day.  
How oft from grove to grove, from seat to seat,  
With thee conversing in thy loved retreat,  
I saw the sun go down!—Ah, then 'twas thine  
Ne'er to forget some volume half divine,  
Shakspeare's or Dryden's—thro' the chequered shade  
Borne in thy hand behind thee as we strayed;  
And where we sate (and many a halt we made)  
To read there with a fervour all thy own,  
And in thy grand and melancholy tone,  
Some splendid passage not to thee unknown,  
Fit theme for long discourse—Thy bell has tolled!  
—But in thy place among us we behold  
One who resembles thee.

'Tis the sixth hour.

The village-clock strikes from the distant tower.  
The ploughman leaves the field; the traveller hears,  
And to the inn spurs forward. Nature wears

Her sweetest smile ; the day-star in the west  
Yet hovering, and the thistle's down at rest.

And such, his labour done, the calm He knows,\*  
Whose footsteps we have followed. Round him glows  
An atmosphere that brightens to the last ;  
The light, that shines, reflected from the Past,  
—And from the Future too ! Active in Thought  
Among old books, old friends ; and not unsought  
By the wise stranger—in his morning-hours,  
When gentle airs stir the fresh-blowing flowers,  
He muses, turning up the idle weed ;  
Or prunes or grafts, or in the yellow mead  
Watches his bees at hiving-time ;† and now,  
The ladder resting on the orchard-bough,  
Culls the delicious fruit that hangs in air,  
The purple plum, green fig, or golden pear,  
'Mid sparkling eyes, and hands uplifted there ;

At night, when all, assembling round the fire,  
Closer and closer draw till they retire,

\* At illa quanti sunt, animum tanquam emeritis stipendiis libidinis, ambitionis, contentionis, inimicitiarum, cupiditatum omnium, secum esse, secumque (ut dicitur) vivere ?—CIC. De Senectute.

† Hinc ubi jam emissum caveis ad sidera cœli  
Nare per æstatem liquidam suspexeris agmen,  
Contemplator.—VIRG.

A tale is told of India or Japan,  
Of merchants from Golcond or Astracan,  
What time wild Nature revelled unrestrained,  
And Sinbad travelled and the Caliphs reigned :—  
Of Knights renowned from holy Palestine,  
And Minstrels, such as swept the lyre divine,  
When Blondel came, and Richard\* in his Cell  
Heard, as he lay, the song he knew so well :—  
Of some Norwegian, while the icy gale  
Rings in her shrouds and beats her iron-sail,  
Among the shining Alps of Polar seas  
Immoveable—for ever there to freeze !  
Or some great Caravan, from well to well  
Winding as darkness on the desert fell,  
In their long march, such as the Prophet bids,  
To Mecca from the Land of Pyramids,  
And in an instant lost—a hollow wave  
Of burning sand their everlasting grave !—  
Now the scene shifts to Venice—to a square  
Glittering with light, all nations masking there,

\* Richard the First. For the romantic story here alluded to, we are indebted to the French Chroniclers.—See FAUCHET. *Recueil de l'Origine de la Langue et Poësie Fr.*

With light reflected on the tremulous tide,  
Where gondolas in gay confusion glide,  
Answering the jest, the song on every side ;  
To Naples next—and at the crowded gate,  
Where Grief and Fear and wild Amazement wait,  
Lo, on his back a Son brings in his Sire,  
Vesuvius blazing like a World on fire !—  
Then, at a sign that never was forgot,  
A strain breaks forth (who hears and loves it not ?)  
From harp or organ ! 'Tis at parting given,  
That in their slumbers they may dream of Heaven ;  
Young voices mingling, as it floats along,  
In Tuscan air or Handel's sacred song !

And She inspires, whose beauty shines in all ;  
So soon to weave a daughter's coronal,  
And at the nuptial rite smile through her tears ;—  
So soon to hover round her full of fears,  
And with assurance sweet her soul revive  
In childbirth—when a mother's love is most alive !

No, 'tis not here that Solitude is known.  
Through the wide world he only is alone  
Who lives not for another. Come what will,  
The generous man has his companion still ;



The cricket on his hearth; the buzzing fly,  
That skims his roof, or, be his roof the sky,  
Still with its note of gladness passes by :  
And, in an iron cage condemned to dwell,  
The cage that stands within the dungeon-cell,  
He feeds his spider—happier at the worst  
Than he at large who in himself is curst !

O thou all-eloquent, whose mighty mind  
Streams from the depth of ages on mankind,  
Streams like the day—who, angel-like, hast shed  
Thy full effulgence on the hoary head,  
Speaking in Cato's venerable voice,  
“ Look up, and faint not—faint not, but rejoice !”  
From thy Elysium guide him. Age has now  
Stamped with its signet that ingenuous brow :  
And, 'mid his old hereditary trees,  
Trees he has climbed so oft, he sits and sees  
His children's children playing round his knees :  
Then happiest, youngest, when the quoit is flung,  
When side by side the archers' bows are strung ;  
His to prescribe the place, adjudge the prize,  
Envyng no more the young their energies  
Than they an old man when his words are wise ;  
His a delight how pure—without alloy ;  
Strong in their strength, rejoicing in their joy !

Now in their turn assisting, they repay  
The anxious cares of many and many a day ;  
And now by those he loves relieved, restored,  
His very wants and weaknesses afford  
A feeling of enjoyment. In his walks,  
Leaning on them, how oft he stops and talks,  
While they look up ! Their questions, their replies,  
Fresh as the welling waters, round him rise,  
Gladdening his spirit : and, his theme the past,  
How eloquent he is ! His thoughts flow fast ;  
And, while his heart (oh, can the heart grow old ?  
False are the tales that in the World are told !)  
Swell in his voice, he knows not where to end ;  
Like one discoursing of an absent friend.

But there are moments which he calls his own.  
Then, never less alone than when alone,  
Those that he loved so long and sees no more,  
Loved and still loves—not dead—but gone before,  
He gathers round him ; and revives at will  
Scenes in his life—that breathe enchantment still—  
That come not now at dreary intervals—  
But where a light as from the Blessed falls,  
A light such guests bring ever—pure and holy—  
Lapping the soul in sweetest melancholy !

—Ah then less willing (nor the choice condemn)  
To live with others than to think on them!

And now behold him up the hill ascending,  
Memory and Hope like evening-stars attending;  
Sustained, excited, till his course is run,  
By deeds of virtue done or to be done.  
When on his couch he sinks at length to rest,  
Those by his counsel saved, his power redressed,  
Those by the World shunned ever as unblest,  
At whom the rich man's dog growls from the gate,  
But whom he sought out, sitting desolate,  
Come and stand round—the widow with her child,  
As when she first forgot her tears and smiled!  
They, who watch by him, see not; but he sees,  
Sees and exults—Were ever dreams like these?  
They, who watch by him, hear not; but he hears,  
And Earth recedes, and Heaven itself appears!

'Tis past! That hand we grasped, alas, in vain!  
Nor shall we look upon his face again!  
But to his closing eyes, for all were there,  
Nothing was wanting; and, through many a year  
We shall remember with a fond delight  
The words so precious which we heard to-night;

His parting, though awhile our sorrow flows,  
Like setting suns or music at the close !

Then was the drama ended. Not till then,  
So full of chance and change the lives of men,  
Could we pronounce him happy. Then secure  
From pain, from grief, and all that we endure,  
He slept in peace—say rather soared to Heaven,  
Upborne from Earth by Him to whom 'tis given  
In his right hand to hold the golden key  
That opes the portals of Eternity.

—When by a good man's grave I muse alone,  
Methinks an Angel sits upon the stone ;  
Like those of old, on that thrice-hallowed night,  
Who sate and watched in raiment heavenly bright ;  
And, with a voice inspiring joy not fear,  
Says, pointing upward, " Know, He is not here !"

But now 'tis time to go ; the day is spent ;  
And stars are kindling in the firmament,  
To us how silent—though like ours perchance  
Busy and full of life and circumstance ;  
Where some the paths of Wealth and Power pursue,  
Of Pleasure some, of Happiness a few ;  
And, as the sun goes round—a sun not ours—  
While from her lap another Nature showers

Gifts of her own, some from the crowd retire,  
Think on themselves, within, without inquire ;  
At distance dwell on all that passes there,  
All that their world reveals of good and fair ;  
And, as they wander, picturing things, like me,  
Not as they are but as they ought to be,  
Trace out the Journey through their little Day,  
And fondly dream an idle hour away.

## NOTES.

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P. 80, l. 8.

*Stand still to gaze,*

See the Iliad, l. xviii. v. 496.

P. 82, l. 17.

*Our pathway leads but to a precipice ;*

See BOSSUET, Sermon sur la Résurrection.

P. 83, l. 4.

*We fly ; no resting for the foot we find ;*

“I have considered,” says Solomon, “all the works that are under the sun ; and behold all is vanity and vexation of spirit.” But who believes it, till death tells it us ? It is death alone that can suddenly make man to know himself. He tells the proud and insolent, that they are but abjects, and humbles them at the instant. He takes the account of the rich man, and proves him a beggar, a naked beggar. He holds a glass before the eyes of the most beautiful, and makes them see therein their deformity ; and they acknowledge it.

O eloquent, just, and mighty Death ! whom none could advise, thou hast persuaded ; what none have dared, thou

hast done; and whom all the world have flattered, thou only hast cast out and despised: thou hast drawn together all the far-stretched greatness, all the pride, cruelty, and ambition of man, and covered it all over with these two narrow words, *Hic jacet*.—RALEIGH.

P. 83, l. 13.

*Now, seraph-winged, among the stars we soar;*

Inconceivable are the limits to our progress in Science. "A point that yesterday was invisible, is our goal to-day, and will be our starting-post to-morrow."

P. 83, l. 19.

*Through the dim curtains of Futurity.*

Fancy can hardly forbear to conjecture with what temper Milton surveyed the silent progress of his work, and marked his reputation stealing its way in a kind of subterraneous current through fear and silence. I cannot but conceive him calm and confident, little disappointed, not at all dejected, relying on his own merit with steady consciousness, and waiting, without impatience, the vicissitudes of opinion, and the impartiality of a future generation.—JOHNSON.

After line 19, in the MS.

O'er place and time we triumph; on we go,  
Ranging at will the realms above, below;  
Yet, ah, how little of ourselves we know!

And why the heart beats on, or how the brain  
Says to the foot, "Now move, now rest again."  
From age to age we search and search in vain.

P. 83, l. 22.

*Behold him now unbar the prison-door,*

An allusion to John Howard. "Wherever he came, in whatever country, the prisons and hospitals were thrown open to him as to the general Censor. Such is the force of pure and exalted virtue!"

P. 84, l. 6.

*Long with his friend in generous enmity,*

Aristotle's definition of Friendship, "one soul in two bodies," is well exemplified by some ancient Author in a dialogue between Ajax and Achilles. "Of all the wounds you ever received in battle," says Ajax, "which was the most painful to you?"—"That which I received from Hector," replies Achilles.—"But Hector never gave you a wound?"—"Yes, and a mortal one; when he slew my friend, Patroclus."

P. 84, l. 8.

*Do what he will, &c.*

These ideas, whence are they derived; or as Plato would have expressed himself, where were they acquired? There could not be a better argument for his doctrine of a pre-existent state.



L'homme ne sait à quel rang se mettre. Il est visiblement égaré et sent en lui des restes d'un état heureux, dont il est déchu, et qu'il ne peut retrouver. Il le cherche partout avec inquiétude et sans succès dans des ténèbres impenétrables.—Sa misère se conclut de sa grandeur, et sa grandeur se conclut de sa misère.—PASCAL.

P. 85, l. 1.

*But soon 'tis past—*

This light, which is so heavenly in its lustre, and which is every where and on every thing when we look round us on our arrival here; which, while it lasts, never leaves us, rejoicing us by night as well as by day, and lighting up our very dreams; yet when it fades, fades so fast, and, when it goes, goes out for ever,—we may address it in the words of the Poet, words which we might apply so often in this transitory life :

Too soon your value from your loss we learn.

Epistles in Verse, ii.

P. 85, l. 3.

. . . . . *like the stone*

*That sheds awhile a lustre all its own,*

See "Observations on a diamond that shines in the dark."—  
BOYLE'S WORKS, i. 789.

P. 85, l. 18.

*Schooled and trained up to Wisdom from his birth;*

Cicero, in his Essay *De Senectute*, has drawn his images

from the better walks of life; and Shakspeare, in his Seven Ages, has done so too. But Shakspeare treats his subject satirically; Cicero as a philosopher. In the venerable portrait of Cato we discover no traces of "the lean and slippered Pantaloon."

Every object has a bright and a dark side; and I have endeavoured to look at things as Cicero has done. By some, however, I may be thought to have followed too much my own dream of happiness; and in such a dream indeed I have often passed a solitary hour. It was Castle-building once; now it is no longer so. But whoever would try to realize it, would not perhaps repent of his endeavour.

P. 85, l. 20.

*The day arrives, the moment wished and feared;*

A Persian Poet has left us a beautiful thought on this subject, which the reader, if he has not met with it, will be glad to know, and, if he has, to remember.

Thou on thy Mother's knees, a new-born child,  
In tears we saw when all around thee smiled.  
So live, that, sinking in thy last long sleep,  
Smiles may be thine, when all around thee weep.

For my version I am in a great measure indebted to Sir William Jones.

P. 87, l. 23.

*"These are MY Jewels!"*

The anecdote here alluded to, is related by Valerius Maximus, Lib. iv. c. 4.

P. 87, l. 25.

*“Suffer these little ones to come to me !”*

In our early Youth, while yet we live only among those we love, we love without restraint, and our hearts overflow in every look, word, and action. But when we enter the world and are repulsed by strangers, forgotten by friends, we grow more and more timid in our approaches even to those we love best.

How delightful to us then are the little caresses of children ! All sincerity, all affection, they fly into our arms ; and then, and then only, do we feel our first confidence, our first pleasure.

P. 88, l. 1.

. . . . . *he reveres**The brow engraven with the Thoughts of Years ;*

This is a law of Nature. Age was anciently synonymous with power ; and we may always observe that the old are held in more or less honour as men are more or less virtuous. “Shame,” says Homer, “bids the youth beware how he accosts the man of many years.” “Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head, and honour the face of an old man.”—*Leviticus*.

Among us, and wherever birth and possessions give rank and authority, the young and the profligate are seen continually above the old and the worthy : there Age can never find its due respect. But among many of the ancient nations it was otherwise ; and they reaped the benefit of it. Rien ne maintient plus les mœurs, qu’une extrême subordination des jeunes

gens envers les vieillards. Les uns et les autres seront contents, ceux-là par le respect qu'ils auront pour les vieillards, et ceux-ci par le respect qu'ils auront pour eux-mêmes.—  
MONTESQUIEU.

P. 88, l. 13.

*Burns as they burn, and with congenial fire.*

How many generations have passed away, how many empires and how many languages, since Homer sung his verses to the Greeks! Yet the words which he uttered and which were only so much fleeting breath, remain entire to this day, and will now in all probability continue to delight and instruct mankind as long as the world endures.

P. 88, l. 14.

*Like Her most gentle, most unfortunate,*

Before I went into Germany, I came to Brodegate in Leicestershire, to take my leave of that noble Lady Jane Grey, to whom I was exceeding much beholding. Her parents, the Duke and Duchess, with all the Household, Gentlemen and Gentlewomen, were hunting in the park. I found her in her chamber, reading Phædo Platonis in Greek, and that with as much delight as some gentlemen would read a merry tale in Boccace. After salutation, and duty done, with some other talk, I asked her, why she would lose such pastime in the park? Smiling, she answered me: "I wist, all their sport

in the park is but a shadow to that pleasure which I find in Plato."—ROGER ASCHAM.

P. 88, l. 19.

*Then is the Age of Admiration—*

Dante in his old age was pointed out to Petrarch when a boy; and Dryden to Pope.

Who does not wish that Dante and Dryden could have known the value of the homage that was paid them, and foreseen the greatness of their young admirers?

P. 89, l. 20.

*And MILTON's self*

I began thus far to assent . . . to an inward prompting which now grew daily upon me, that by labour and intent study, (which I take to be my portion in this life) joined with the strong propensity of nature, I might perhaps leave something so written to aftertimes, as they should not willingly let it die.—MILTON.

P. 91, l. 21.

. . . *'twas at matin-time*

Love and devotion are said to be nearly allied. Boccaccio fell in love at Naples in the church of St. Lorenzo; as Petrarch had done at Avignon in the church of St. Clair.

P. 92, l. 21.

*Lovely before, oh, say how lovely now!*

Is it not true, that the young not only appear to be, but

really are, most beautiful in the presence of those they love?  
It calls forth all their beauty.

P. 94, l. 19.

*And feeling hearts—touch them but rightly—pour  
A thousand melodies unheard before!*

Xenophon has left us a delightful instance of conjugal affection.

The King of Armenia not fulfilling his promise, Cyrus entered the country, and, having taken him and all his family prisoners, ordered them instantly before him. Armenian, said he, you are free; for you are now sensible of your error. And what will you give me if I restore your wife to you?—All that I am able.—What, if I restore your children?—All that I am able.—And you, Tigranes, said he, turning to the Son, What would *you* do, to save your wife from servitude? Now Tigranes was but lately married, and had a great love for his wife. Cyrus, he replied, to save her from servitude, I would willingly lay down my life.

Let each have his own again, said Cyrus; and, when he was departed, one spoke of his clemency; and another of his valour; and another of his beauty and the graces of his person. Upon which Tigranes asked his wife, if she thought him handsome. Really, said she, I did not look at him.—At whom then did you look?—At him who said he would lay down his life for me.—Cyropædia, L. III.

P. 95, l. 23.

*He turns their thoughts to Him who made them all;*

When such is the ruling, the habitual sentiment of our minds, the world becomes a temple and life itself one continued act of adoration.—PALEY.

P. 97, l. 15.

*Through the night,*

Hers the mournful privilege, “adsidere valetudini, fovere deficientem, satiari vultu, complexu.”—TACITUS.

P. 97, l. 17.

. . . . . *she sits silent by,*

We may have many friends in life; but we can only have one mother; “a discovery,” says Gray, “which I never made till it was too late.”

The child is no sooner born than it clings to his mother; nor, while she lives, is her image absent from him in the hour of his distress. Sir John Moore, when he fell from his horse in the battle of Corunna, faltered out with his dying breath some message to his mother; and who can forget the last words of Conradin, when, in his fifteenth year, he was led forth to die at Naples, “O my mother! how great will be your grief, when you hear of it!”

P. 98, l. 18.

. . . 'dust to dust'

How exquisite are those lines of Petrarch !

Le cresse chiome d'or puro lucente,  
E' l lampeggiar d'ell angelico riso,  
Che solean far in terrà un paradiso,  
Poca polvere son, che nulla sente.

P. 99, l. 3.

*He goes, and Night comes as it never came !*

These circumstances, as well as some others that follow, are happily, as far as they regard England, of an ancient date. To us the miseries inflicted by a foreign invader are now known only by description. Many generations have passed away since our countrywomen saw the smoke of an enemy's camp.

But the same passions are always at work every where, and their effects are always nearly the same ; though the circumstances that attend them are infinitely various.

P. 99, l. 21.

*Such as the heart delights in—and records  
Within how silently—*

Si tout cela consistoit en faits, en actions, en paroles, on pourroit le décrire et le rendre en quelque façon : mais comment dire ce qui n'étoit ni dit, ni fait, ni pensé même, mais goûté, mais senti.—Le vrai bonheur ne se décrit pas.—ROUSSEAU.



P. 101, l. 12.

. . . . *and, when all are there,*

So many pathetic affections are awakened by every exercise of social devotion, that most men, I believe, carry away from public worship a better temper towards the rest of mankind than they brought with them. Having all one interest to secure, one Lord to serve, one Judgment to look forward to, we cannot but remember our common relationship, and our natural equality is forced upon our thoughts. The distinctions of civil life are almost always insisted upon too much, and whatever conduces to restore the level, improves the character on both sides.—If ever the poor man holds up his head, it is at church; if ever the rich man looks upon him with respect, it is there; and both will be the better the oftener they meet where the feeling of superiority is mitigated in the one and the spirit of the other is erected and confirmed.—PALEY.

P. 102, l. 14.

*Soon through the gadding vine, &c.*

An English breakfast; which may well excite in others what in Rousseau continued through life, un goût vif pour les déjeûnés. C'est le tems de la journée où nous sommes le plus tranquilles, où nous causons le plus à notre aise.

The luxuries here mentioned, familiar to us as they now are, were almost unknown before the Revolution.

P. 103, l. 19.

*With honest dignity,*

He, who resolves to rise in the world by Politics or Religion, can degrade his mind to any degree when he sets about it. Overcome the first scruple, and the work is done. "You hesitate," said one who spoke from experience. "Put on the mask, young man; and in a very little while you will not know it from your own face."

P. 103, l. 21.

*Like HAMPDEN struggling in his Country's cause,*

Zeuxis is said to have drawn his Helen from an assemblage of the most beautiful women; and many a Writer of Fiction, in forming a life to his mind, has recourse to the brightest moments in the lives of others.

I may be suspected of having done so here, and of having designed, as it were, from living models; but, by making an allusion now and then to those who have really lived, I thought I should give something of interest to the picture, as well as better illustrate my meaning.

P. 103, l. 24.

*Careless of blame while his own heart approves,  
Careless of ruin—*

"By the Mass!" said the Duke of Norfolk to Sir Thomas More, "By the Mass! master More, it is perilous striving with princes; the anger of a prince is death."—"Is that all,

my lord ? then the difference between you and me is but this—  
*that I shall die to-day and you to-morrow.*”—ROPER'S Life.

P. 104, l. 3.

*On thro' that gate misnamed,*

Traitor's Gate, the water-gate in the Tower of London.

P. 104, l. 6.

*Then to the place of trial,*

This very slight sketch of Civil Dissension is taken from our own annals ; but, for an obvious reason, not from those of our own Age.

The persons, here immediately alluded to, lived more than a hundred years ago, in a reign which Blackstone has justly represented as wicked, sanguinary, and turbulent ; but such times have always afforded the most signal instances of heroic courage and ardent affection.

Great reverses, like theirs, lay open the human heart. They occur indeed but seldom ; yet all men are liable to them ; all, when they occur to others, make them more or less their own ; and, were we to describe our condition to an inhabitant of some other planet, could we omit what forms so striking a circumstance in human life ?

P. 104, l. 6.

. . . . *and alone,*

A prisoner, prosecuted for high treason, may now make his

defence by counsel. In the reign of William the Third the law was altered; and it was in rising to urge the necessity of an alteration, that Lord Shaftesbury, with such admirable quickness, took advantage of the embarrassment that seized him. "If I," said he, "who rise only to give my opinion of this bill, am so confounded that I cannot say what I intended, what must be the condition of that man, who, without any assistance, is pleading for his life?"

P. 104, l. 11.

*Like that sweet Saint who sate by RUSSELL's side  
Under the Judgment-seat.*

*Lord Russell.* May I have somebody to write, to assist my memory.

*Mr. Attorney General.* Yes, a Servant.

*Lord Chief Justice.* Any of your Servants shall assist you in writing any thing you please for you.

*Lord Russell.* My Wife is here, my Lord, to do it.—STATE TRIALS, II.

P. 104, l. 17.

*Thrice greeting those who most withdraw their claim,*

See the *Alceste* of Euripides, v. 194.

P. 104, l. 22.

*Lo, there the Friend,*

Such as Russell found in Cavendish; and such as many have found.

P. 105, l. 3.

*And, when her dear, dear Father passed along,*

An allusion to the last interview of Sir Thomas More and his daughter Margaret. "Dear Meg," said he, when afterwards with a coal he wrote to bid her farewell, "I never liked your manner towards me better; for I like when daughterly love and dear charity have no leisure to look to worldly courtesy."—ROPER'S LIFE.

P. 105, l. 17.

*Her glory now, as ever her delight!*

Epaminondas, after his victory at Leuctra, rejoiced most of all at the pleasure which it would give his father and mother; and who would not have envied them their feelings?

Cornelia was called at Rome the Mother-in-law of Scipio. "When," said she to her sons, "shall I be called the Mother of the Gracchi?"

P. 108, l. 12.

*Immoveable—for ever there to freeze!*

She was under all her sails, and looked less like a ship incrustated with ice than ice in the fashion of a ship.—See the Voyage of Captain Thomas James, in 1631.

P. 108, l. 18.

*Of burning sand their everlasting grave !*

After l. 18 in the MS.

Now the scene shifts to Cashmere—to a glade  
 Where, with her loved gazelle, the dark-eyed Maid  
 (Her fragrant chamber for awhile resigned,  
 Her lute, by fits discoursing with the wind)  
 Wanders well-pleased, what time the Nightingale  
 Sings to the Rose, rejoicing hill and dale ;  
 And now to Venice—to a bridge, a square, &c.

P. 109, l. 5.

*Lo, on his back a Son brings in his Sire,*

An act of filial piety represented on the coins of Catana, a Greek city, some remains of which are still to be seen at the foot of Mount *Ætna*. The story is told of two brothers who in this manner saved both their parents. The place from which they escaped, was long called the field of the pious ; and public games were annually held there to commemorate the event.

P. 109, l. 11.

*From harp or organ !*

What a pleasing picture of domestic life is given to us by Bishop Berkeley in his letters ! “The more we have of good instruments the better : for all my children, not excepting my little daughter, learn to play, and are preparing to fill my house with harmony against all events ; that, if we have worse times, we may have better spirits.”

P. 109, l. 18.

*And with assurance sweet her soul revive  
In child-birth—*

See the *Alcestis* of Euripides, v. 328.

P. 109, l. 22.

*Who lives not for another.*

How often, says an excellent writer, do we err in our estimate of happiness! When I hear of a man who has noble parks, splendid palaces, and every luxury in life, I always inquire whom he has to love; and, if I find he has nobody or does not love those he has—in the midst of all his grandeur I pronounce him a being in deep adversity.

P. 110, l. 6.

*O thou all-elloquent, whose mighty mind*

Cicero. It is remarkable that, among the comforts of Old Age, he has not mentioned those arising from the society of women and children. Perhaps the husband of Terentia and “the father of Marcus felt something on the subject, of which he was willing to spare himself the recollection.”

P. 113, l. 18.

*And stars are kinelling in the firmament,*

An old writer breaks off in a very lively manner at a later hour of the night. “But the Hyades run low in the heavens, and to keep our eyes open any longer were to act our Antipodes. The Huntsmen are up in America, and they are already past their first sleep in Persia.”

BEFORE I conclude, I would say something in favour of the old-fashioned triplet, which I have here ventured to use so often. Dryden seems to have delighted in it, and in many of his poems has used it much oftener than I have done, as for instance in the *Hind and Panther*,\* and in *Theodore and Honoria*, where he introduces it three, four, and even five times in succession.

If I have erred any where in the structure of my verse from a desire to follow yet earlier and higher examples, I rely on the forgiveness of those *in whose ear the music of our old versification is still sounding*.†

\* Pope used to mention this poem as the most correct specimen of Dryden's versification. It was indeed written when he had completely formed his manner, and may be supposed to exhibit, negligence excepted, his deliberate and ultimate scheme of metre.—JOHNSON.

† With regard to trisyllables, as their accent is very rarely on the last, they cannot properly be any rhymes at all: yet nevertheless I highly commend those, who have judiciously and sparingly introduced them, as such.—GRAY.





AN

# EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.

1798.

. Villula, . . . . et pauper agelle,  
Me tibi, et hos unà mecum, quos semper amavi,  
Commendo.

## THE ARGUMENT.

*An invitation—The approach to a Villa described—Its situation—  
Its few apartments—Furnished with casts from the Antique, &c.  
—The dining-room—The library—A cold-bath—A winter-walk  
—A summer-walk—The invitation renewed—Conclusion.*

## P R E F A C E.

EVERY reader turns with pleasure to those passages of Horace, and Pope, and Boileau, which describe how they lived and where they dwelt ; and which, being interspersed among their satirical writings, derive a secret and irresistible grace from the contrast, and are admirable examples of what in Painting is termed repose.

We have admittance to Horace at all hours. We enjoy the company and conversation at his table ; and his suppers, like Plato's, "*non solum in præsentia, sed etiam postero die jucundæ sunt.*" But, when we look round as we sit there, we find ourselves in a Sabine farm, and not in a Roman villa. His windows have every charm of prospect ; but his furniture might have descended from Cincinnatus ; and gems, and pictures, and old marbles, are mentioned by him more than once with a seeming indifference.

His English Imitator thought and felt perhaps, more correctly on the subject ; and embellished his garden

and grotto with great industry and success. But to these alone he solicits our notice. On the ornaments of his house he is silent; and he appears to have reserved all the minuter touches of his pencil for the library, the chapel, and the banqueting-room of Timon. "Le savoir de notre siècle," says Rousseau, "tend beaucoup plus à détruire qu'à édifier. On censure d'un ton de maître; pour proposer, il en faut prendre un autre."

It is the design of this Epistle to illustrate the virtue of True Taste; and to show how little she requires to secure, not only the comforts, but even the elegancies of life. True Taste is an excellent Economist. She confines her choice to few objects, and delights in producing great effects by small means: while False Taste is for ever sighing after the new and the rare; and reminds us, in her works, of the Scholar of Apelles, who, not being able to paint his Helen beautiful, determined to make her fine.





AN

EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.

---

WHEN, with a REAUMUR's skill, thy curious mind  
Has classed the insect-tribes of human-kind,  
Each with its busy hum, or gilded wing,  
Its subtle web-work, or its venom'd sting ;  
Let me, to claim a few unvalued hours,  
Point out the green lane rough with fern and flowers ;  
The sheltered gate that opens to my field,  
And the white front thro' mingling elms revealed.

In vain, alas, a village-friend invites  
To simple comforts, and domestic rites,  
When the gay months of Carnival resume  
Their annual round of glitter and perfume ;  
When London hails thee to its splendid mart,  
Its hives of sweets, and cabinets of art ;  
And, lo, majestic as thy manly song,  
Flows the full tide of human life along.



Still must my partial pencil love to dwell  
On the home-prospects of my hermit-cell ;  
The mossy pales that skirt the orchard-green,  
Here hid by shrub-wood, there by glimpses seen ;  
And the brown pathway, that, with careless flow,  
Sinks, and is lost among the trees below.  
Still must it trace (the flattering tints forgive)  
Each fleeting charm that bids the landscape live.  
Oft o'er the mead, at pleasing distance, pass  
Browsing the hedge by fits the panniered ass ;  
The idling shepherd-boy, with rude delight,  
Whistling his dog to mark the pebble's flight ;  
And in her kerchief blue the cottage-maid,  
With brimming pitcher from the shadowy glade.  
Far to the south a mountain-vale retires,  
Rich in its groves, and glens, and village-spires ;  
Its upland-lawns, and cliffs with foliage hung,  
Its wizard-stream, nor nameless nor unsung :  
And through the various year, the various day,  
What scenes of glory burst, and melt away !  
When April-verdure springs in Grosvenor-square,  
And the furred Beauty comes to winter there,  
She bids old Nature mar the plan no more ;  
Yet still the seasons circle as before.

Ah, still as soon the young Aurora plays,  
'Tho' moons and flambeaux trail their broadest blaze ;  
As soon the sky-lark pours his matin-song,  
'Tho' Evening lingers at the masque so long,

There let her strike with momentary ray,  
As tapers shine their little lives away ;  
There let her practise from herself to steal,  
And look the happiness she does not feel ;  
'The ready smile and bidden blush employ  
At Faro-routs that dazzle to destroy ;  
Fan with affected ease the essenced air,  
And lisp of fashions with unmeaning stare.  
Be thine to meditate an humbler flight,  
When morning fills the fields with rosy light ;  
Be thine to blend, nor thine a vulgar aim,  
Repose with dignity, with Quiet fame.

Here no state-chambers in long line unfold,  
Bright with broad mirrors, rough with fretted gold ;  
Yet modest ornament, with use combined,  
Attracts the eye to exercise the mind.  
Small change of scene, small space his home requires,  
Who leads a life of satisfied desires.

What tho' no marble breathes, no canvas glows,  
From every point a ray of genius flows !

Be mine to bless the more mechanic skill,  
That stamps, renews, and multiplies at will ;  
And cheaply circulates, thro' distant climes,  
The fairest relics of the purest times.  
Here from the mould to conscious being start  
Those finer forms, the miracles of art ;  
Here chosen gems, imprest on sulphur, shine,  
That slept for ages in a second mine ;  
And here the faithful graver dares to trace  
A MICHAEL'S grandeur, and a RAPHAEL'S grace !  
Thy gallery, Florence, gilds my humble walls ;  
And my low roof the Vatican recalls !

Soon as the morning-dream my pillow flies,  
To waking sense what brighter visions rise !  
O mark ! again the coursers of the Sun,  
At GUIDO'S call, their round of glory run !  
Again the rosy Hours resume their flight,  
Obscured and lost in floods of golden light !

But could thine erring friend so long forget  
(Sweet source of pensive joy and fond regret)  
That here its warmest hues the pencil flings,  
Lo ! here the lost restores, the absent brings ;  
And still the Few best loved and most revered  
Rise round the board their social smile endeared ?

Selected shelves shall claim thy studious hours ;  
 There shall thy ranging mind be fed on flowers !\*  
 There, while the shaded lamp's mild lustre streams,  
 Read ancient books, or dream inspiring dreams ;  
 And, when a sage's bust arrests thee there,  
 Pause, and his features with his thoughts compare.  
 —Ah, most that Art my grateful rapture calls,  
 Which breathes a soul into the silent walls ;†  
 Which gathers round the Wise of every Tongue,  
 All on whose words departed nations hung ;  
 Still prompt to charm with many a converse sweet ;  
 Guides in the world, companions in retreat !

Tho' my thatched bath no rich Mosaic knows,  
 A limpid spring with unfelt current flows.  
 Emblem of Life ! which, still as we survey,  
 Seems motionless, yet ever glides away !  
 The shadowy walls record, with Attic art,  
 The strength and beauty which its waves impart.  
 Here THETIS, bending, with a mother's fears  
 Dips her dear boy, whose pride restrains his tears.

\* . . . apis Matinae

More modoque

Grata carpentis thyma . . . —HOR.

† Postea verò quam Tyrannio mihi libros disposuit, mens addita videtur  
 meis ædibus.—CIC.

There VENUS, rising, shrinks with sweet surprise,  
As her fair self reflected seems to rise !

Far from the joyless glare, the maddening strife,  
And all the dull impertinence of life,  
These eyelids open to the rising ray,  
And close, when Nature bids, at close of day.  
Here, at the dawn, the kindling landscape glows ;  
There noonday levees call from faint repose.  
Here the flushed wave flings back the parting light ;  
There glimmering lamps anticipate the night.  
When from his classic dreams the student steals,\*  
Amid the buzz of crowds, the whirl of wheels,  
To muse unnoticed—while around him press  
The meteor-forms of equipage and dress ;  
Alone, in wonder lost, he seems to stand  
A very stranger in his native land !  
And (tho' perchance of current coin possest,  
And modern phrase by living lips exprest)  
Like those blest Youths, forgive the fabling page,  
Whose blameless lives deceived a twilight age,

\* Ingenium, sibi quod vacuas desumsit Athenas,  
Et studiis annos septem dedit, insenuitque  
Libris et curis, statuâ taciturnius exit  
Plerumque . . . —HOR.

Spent in sweet slumbers ; till the miner's spade  
Unclosed the cavern, and the morning played.  
Ah, what their strange surprise, their wild delight !  
New arts of life, new manners meet their sight !  
In a new world they wake, as from the dead ;  
Yet doubt the trance dissolved, the vision fled !

O come, and, rich in intellectual wealth,  
Blend thought with exercise, with knowledge health ;  
Long, in this sheltered scene of lettered talk,  
With sober step repeat the pensive walk,  
Nor scorn, when graver triflings fail to please,  
The cheap amusements of a mind at ease ;  
Here every care in sweet oblivion cast,  
And many an idle hour—not idly passed.

No tuneful echoes, ambushed at my gate,  
Catch the blest accents of the wise and great.  
Vain of its various page, no Album breathes  
The sigh that Friendship or the Muse bequeaths.  
Yet some good Genii o'er my hearth preside,  
Oft the far friend, with secret spell, to guide ;  
And there I trace, when the gray evening lours,  
A silent chronicle of happier hours !

When Christmas revels in a world of snow,  
And bids her berries blush, her carols flow,

His spangling shower when Frost the wizard flings ;  
 Or, borne in ether blue, on viewless wings,  
 O'er the white pane his silvery foliage weaves,  
 And gems with icicles the sheltering eaves ;  
 —Thy muffled friend his nectarine-wall pursues,  
 What time the sun the yellow crocus woos,  
 Screened from the arrowy North ; and duly lies\*  
 To meet the morning-rumour as it flies ;  
 To range the murmuring market-place, and view  
 The motley groups that faithful TENIERS drew.

When Spring bursts forth in blossoms thro' the vale,  
 And her wild music triumphs on the gale,  
 Oft with my book I muse from stile to stile ;†  
 Oft in my porch the listless noon beguile,  
 Framing loose numbers, till declining day  
 Thro' the green trellis shoots a crimson ray ;  
 Till the West-wind leads on the twilight hours,  
 And shakes the fragrant bells of closing flowers.

Nor boast, O Choisy, seat of soft delight,  
 The secret charm of thy voluptuous night.

\* Fallacem circum, vespertinumque pererro

Sæpe forum.—HOR.

† Tantôt, un livre en main, errant dans les prairies . . .—BOILEAU.

Vain is the blaze of wealth, the pomp of power !  
Lo, here, attendant on the shadowy hour,  
'Thy closet-supper, served by hands unseen,  
Sheds, like an evening-star, its ray serene,  
To hail our coming. Not a step profane  
Dares, with rude sound, the cheerful rite restrain ;  
And, while the frugal banquet glows revealed,  
Pure and unbought \*—the natives of my field ;  
While blushing fruits thro' scattered leaves invite,  
Still clad in bloom, and veiled in azure light ;—  
With wine, as rich in years as HORACE sings,  
With water, clear as his own fountain flings,  
'The shifting sideboard plays its humbler part,  
Beyond the triumphs of a Lorient's art.

Thus, in this calm recess, so richly fraught  
With mental light, and luxury of thought,  
My life steals on ; (O could it blend with thine !)  
Careless my course, yet not without design.  
So thro' the vales of Loire the bee-hives glide,  
'The light raft dropping with the silent tide ;  
So, till the laughing scenes are lost in night,  
'The busy people wing their various flight.

\* *Dapes inemptas* . . . —HOR.



Culling unnumbered sweets from nameless flowers,  
That scent the vineyard in its purple hours.

Rise, ere the watch-relieving clarions play,  
Caught thro' St. James's groves at blush of day ;  
Ere its full voice the choral anthem flings  
Thro' trophied tombs of heroes and of kings.  
Haste to the tranquil shade of learned ease,\*  
Tho' skilled alike to dazzle and to please ;  
Tho' each gay scene be searched with anxious eye,  
Nor thy shut door be passed without a sigh.

If, when this roof shall know thy friend no more,  
Some, formed like thee, should once, like thee,  
explore ;

Invoke the lares of his loved retreat,  
And his lone walks imprint with pilgrim-feet ;  
Then be it said, (as, vain of better days,  
Some gray domestic prompts the partial praise)  
" Unknown he lived, unenvied, not unblest ;  
Reason his guide, and Happiness his guest.  
In the clear mirror of his moral page,  
We trace the manners of a purer age.

\* *Immocuas amo delicias doctamque quietem.*

His soul, with thirst of genuine glory fraught,  
Scorned the false lustre of licentious thought.  
—One fair asylum from the world he knew,  
One chosen seat, that charms with various view !  
Who boasts of more (believe the serious strain)  
Sighs for a home, and sighs, alas ! in vain.  
Thro' each he roves, the tenant of a day,  
And, with the swallow, wings the year away !”



## NOTES.

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P. 140, l. 9.

*Oft o'er the mead, at pleasing distance, pass*

Cosmo of Medicis took most pleasure in his Apennine villa, because all that he commanded from its windows was exclusively his own. How unlike the wise Athenian, who, when he had a farm to sell, directed the crier to proclaim, as its best recommendation, that it had a good neighbourhood!—PLUT. in Vit. Themist.

P. 140, l. 19.

*And through the various year, the various day,*

Horace commends the house, “longos quæ prospicit agros.” Distant views contain the greatest variety, both in themselves, and in their accidental variations.

P. 141, l. 21.

*Small change of scene, small space his home requires,*

Many a great man, in passing through the apartments of his palace, has made the melancholy reflection of the venerable

Cosmo: "Questa è troppo gran casa à si poca famiglia."—  
MACH. Ist. Fior. lib. vii.

"Parva, sed apta mihi," was Ariosto's inscription over his door in Ferrara; and who can wish to say more? "I confess," says Cowley, "I love littleness almost in all things. A little convenient estate, a little cheerful house, a little company, and a very little feast."—Essay vi.

When Socrates was asked why he had built for himself so small a house: "Small as it is," he replied, "I wish I could fill it with friends."—PHÆDRUS, iii. 9.

These indeed are all that a wise man can desire to assemble; "for a crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal, where there is no love."

P. 141, l. 24.

*From every point a ray of genius flows!*

By these means, when all nature wears a lowering countenance, I withdraw myself into the visionary worlds of art; where I meet with shining landscapes, gilded triumphs, beautiful faces, and all those other objects that fill the mind with gay ideas.—ADDISON.

It is remarkable that Antony, in his adversity, passed some time in a small but splendid retreat, which he called his Timonium, and from which might originate the idea of the Parisian Boudoir, that favourite apartment, *où l'on se retire pour être seul, mais où l'on ne boude point.*—STRABO, l. xvii.  
PLUT. in Vit. Anton.

P. 142, l. 16.

*At GUIDO's call, &c.*

Alluding to his celebrated fresco in the Rospigliosi Palace at Rome.

P. 142, l. 23.

*And still the Few best loved and most revered*

The dining-room is dedicated to Conviviality; or, as Cicero somewhere expresses it, "*Communitati vitæ atque victûs.*" There we wish most for the society of our friends; and, perhaps, in their absence, most require their portraits.

The moral advantages of this furniture may be illustrated by the story of an Athenian courtesan, who, in the midst of a riotous banquet with her lovers, accidentally cast her eye on the portrait of a philosopher, that hung opposite to her seat; the happy character of wisdom and virtue struck her with so lively an image of her own unworthiness, that she instantly left the room; and, retiring home, became ever afterwards an example of temperance, as she had been before of debauchery.

P. 142, l. 24.

*Rise round the board . . . .*

"A long table and a square table," says Bacon, "seem things of form, but are things of substance; for at a long table a few at the upper end, in effect, sway all the business." Perhaps Arthur was right, when he instituted the order of the round table. In the town-house of Aix-la-Chapelle is still to

be seen the round table, which may almost literally be said to have given peace to Europe in 1748. Nor is it only at a congress of Plenipotentiaries that place gives precedence.

P. 143, l. 4.

*Read ancient books, or dream inspiring dreams;*

Before I begin to write, says Bossuet, I always read a little of Homer; for I love to light my lamp at the sun.

The reader will here remember that passage of Horace, *Nunc veterum libris, nunc somno, &c.*, which was inscribed by Lord Chesterfield on the frieze of his library.

P. 143, l. 5.

*And, when a sage's bust arrests thee here,*

Siquidem non solum ex auro argentove, aut certe ex ære in bibliothecis dicantur illi, quorum immortales animæ in iisdem locis ibi loquuntur: quinimo etiam quæ non sunt, finguntur, pariuntque desideria non traditi vultus, sicut in Homero evenit. Quo majus (ut equidem arbitror) nullum est felicitatis specimen, quam semper omnes scire cupere, qualis fuerit aliquis.—  
PLIN. NAT. HIST.

Cicero, in his dialogue entitled Brutus, represents Brutus and Atticus as sitting down with him in his garden at Rome, by the statue of Plato; and with what delight does he speak of a little seat under Aristotle in the library of Atticus! "Literis sustentor et recreor; maloque in illa tua sedecula,

quam habes sub imagine Aristotelis, sedere, quàm in istorum sella curuli!"—Ep. ad Att. iv. 10.

Nor should we forget that Dryden drew inspiration from the "majestic face" of Shakspeare; and that a portrait of Newton was the only ornament of the closet of Buffon.—Ep. to Kneller. Voyage à Montbart.

In the chamber of a man of genius we

Write all down:

Such and such pictures;—there the window;

. . . . . the arras, figures,

Why, such and such.

P. 143, l. 9.

*Which gathers round the Wise of every Tongue,*

Quis tantis non gaudeat et glorietur hospitibus, exclaims Petrarch.—Spectare, etsi nihil aliud, certè juvat.—Homerus apud me mutus, imò verò ego apud illum surdus sum. Gaudeo tamen vel aspectû solo, et sæpe illum amplexus ac suspirans dico: O magne vir, &c.—Epist. Var. lib. 20.

P. 144, l. 2.

*As her fair self reflected seems to rise!*

After line 18, in a former edition.

But hence away! yon rocky cave beware!

A sullen captive broods in silence there!

There, tho' the dog-star flame, condemned to dwell

In the dark centre of its inmost cell,



Wild Winter ministers his dread control  
 To cool and crystallize the nectared bowl.  
 His faded form an awful grace retains;  
 Stern tho' subdued, majestic tho' in chains!

P. 144, l. 5.

*These cyclids open to the rising ray,*

Your bed-chamber, and also your library, says Vitruvius, should have an eastern aspect; *usus enim matutinum postulat lumen*. Not so the picture-gallery; which requires a north light, *uti colores in ope, propter constantiam luminis, immutata, permaneant qualitate*. This disposition accords with his plan of a Grecian house.

P. 144, l. 19.

*Like those blest Youths,*

See the Legend of the Seven Sleepers.—GIBBON, c. 33.

P. 145, l. 8.

. . . . *with knowledge health;*

Milton "was up and stirring, ere the sound of any bell awaked men to labour, or to devotion;" and it is related of two Students in a suburb of Paris, who were opposite neighbours, and were called the morning-star and the evening-star—the former appearing just as the latter withdrew—that the morning-star continued to shine on, when the evening-star was gone out for ever.

P. 145, l. 16.

*Catch the blest accents of the wise and great.*

Mr. Pope delights in enumerating his illustrious guests. Nor is this an exclusive privilege of the Poet. The Medici Palace at Florence exhibits a long and imposing catalogue. "Semper hi parietes columnæque eruditæ vocibus resonuerunt."

P. 147, l. 4.

*Sheds, like an evening-star, its ray serene,*

At a Roman supper statues were sometimes employed to hold the lamps.

—aurea sunt juvenum simulacra per ædes,  
Lampadas igniferas manibus retinentia dextris.

LUCR. ii. 24.

A fashion as old as Homer!—Odyss. vii. 100.

On the proper degree and distribution of light we may consult a great master of effect. Il lume grande, ed alto, e non troppo potente, sarà quello, che renderà le particole de' corpi molto grate.—Tratt. della Pittura di LIONARDO DA VINCI, c. xli.

Hence every artist requires a broad and high light. Michael Angelo used to work with a candle fixed in his hat.—Condivi. Vita di Michelagnolo.—Hence also, in a banquet-scene, the most picturesque of all poets has thrown his light from the ceiling.—ÆN. i. 726.

And hence the "starry-lamps" of Milton, that

. . . . from the arched roof  
Pendent by subtle magic, . . . .  
. . . . yielded light  
As from a sky.

P. 147, l. 14.

*Beyond the triumphs of a Lorient's art.*

At the petits soupés of Choisy were first introduced those admirable pieces of mechanism, afterwards carried to perfection by Lorient, the Confidente and the Servante; a table and a sideboard, which descended, and rose again covered with viands and wines. And thus the most luxurious Court in Europe, after all its boasted refinements, was glad to return at last, by this singular contrivance, to the quiet and privacy of humble life.—*Vie Privée de Louis XV.* ii. 43.

Between line 30 and line 31 were these lines, since omitted :

Hail, sweet Society ! in crowds unknown,  
 Though the vain world would claim thee for its own.  
 Still where thy small and cheerful converse flows,  
 Be mine to enter, ere the circle close.  
 When in retreat Fox lays his thunder by,  
 And wit and Taste their mingled charms supply ;  
 When SIDMONS, born to melt and freeze the heart,  
 Performs at home her more endearing part ;  
 When He, who best interprets to mankind  
 The winged messengers from mind to mind,  
 Leans on his spade, and, playful as profound,  
 His genius sheds its evening-sunshine round,  
 Be mine to listen ; pleased yet not elate,  
 Ever too modest or too proud to rate  
 Myself by my companions.

They were written in 1796.

P. 147, l. 19.

*So thro' the vales of Loire the bee-hives glide,*

An allusion to the floating bee-house, which is seen in some parts of France and Piedmont.

P. 148, l. 2.

*Caught thro' St. James's groves at blush of day;*

After line 42 in the MS.

Groves that Belinda's star illumines still,  
And ancient Courts and faded splendours fill.

See the Rape of the Lock. Canto V.

P. 149, l. 6.

*And, with the swallow, wings the year away!*

It was the boast of Lucullus that he changed his climate with the birds of passage.

How often must he have felt the truth here inculcated, that the master of many houses has no home!



JACQUELINE.



## J A C Q U E L I N E.

### I.

'Twas Autumn ; thro' Provence had ceased  
The vintage, and the vintage-feast.  
The sun had set behind the hill,  
The moon was up, and all was still,  
And from the Convent's neighbouring tower  
The clock had tolled the midnight-hour,  
When Jacqueline came forth alone,  
Her kerchief o'er her tresses thrown ;  
A guilty thing and full of fears,  
Yet ah, how lovely in her tears !  
She starts, and what has caught her eye ?  
What—but her shadow gliding by ?  
She stops, she pants ; with lips apart  
She listens—to her beating heart !  
Then, thro' the scanty orchard stealing,  
The clustering boughs her track concealing,



She flies, nor casts a thought behind,  
But gives her terrors to the wind ;  
Flies from her home, the humble sphere  
Of all her joys and sorrows here,  
Her father's house of mountain-stone,  
And by a mountain-vine o'ergrown.  
At such an hour in such a night,  
So calm, so clear, so heavenly bright,  
Who would have seen, and not confessed  
It looked as all within were blest ?  
What will not woman, when she loves ?  
Yet lost, alas ! who can restore her ?—  
She lifts the latch, the wicket moves ;  
And now the world is all before her.  
Up rose St. Pierre, when morning shone ;  
—And Jacqueline, his child, was gone !  
Oh what the madd'ning thought that came ?  
Dishonour coupled with his name !  
By Condé at Rocroy he stood ;  
By Turenne, when the Rhine ran blood.  
Two banners of Castile he gave  
Aloft in Notre Dame to wave ;  
Nor did thy cross, St. Louis, rest  
Upon a purer, nobler breast.

He slung his old sword by his side,  
And snatched his staff and rushed to save ;  
Then sunk—and on his threshold cried,  
“ Oh lay me in my grave !  
—Constance ! Claudine ! where were ye then ?  
But stand not there. Away ! away !  
Thou, Frederic, by thy father stay.  
Though old, and now forgot of men,  
Both must not leave him in a day.”  
Then, and he shook his hoary head,  
“ Unhappy in thy youth !” he said.  
“ Call as thou wilt, thou call’st in vain ;  
No voice sends back thy name again.  
To mourn is all thou hast to do ;  
Thy playmate lost, and teacher too.”

And who but she could soothe the boy,  
Or turn his tears to tears of joy ?  
Long had she kissed him as he slept,  
Long o’er his pillow hung and wept ;  
And, as she passed her father’s door,  
She stood as she would stir no more.  
But she is gone, and gone for ever !  
No, never shall they clasp her—never !

They sit and listen to their fears ;  
And he, who through the breach had led  
Over the dying and the dead,  
Shakes if a cricket's cry he hears !

Oh ! she was good as she was fair.  
None—none on earth above her !  
As pure in thought as angels are,  
To know her was to love her.  
When little, and her eyes, her voice,  
Her every gesture said, “ rejoice,”  
Her coming was a gladness ;  
And, as she grew, her modest grace,  
Her downcast look 'twas heaven to trace,  
When, shading with her hand her face,  
She half inclined to sadness.  
Her voice, whate'er she said, enchanted ;  
Like music to the heart it went.  
And her dark eyes—how eloquent !  
Ask what they would, 'twas granted.  
Her father loved her as his fame ;  
—And Bayard's self had done the same !

Soon as the sun the glittering pane  
On the red floor in diamonds threw,  
His songs she sung and sung again,  
Till the last light withdrew.

But she is dead to him, to all !  
Her lute hangs silent on the wall ;  
And on the stairs, and at the door  
Her fairy-step is heard no more !  
At every meal an empty chair  
Tells him that she is not there ;  
She, who would lead him where he went,  
Charm with her converse while he leant ;  
Or, hovering, every wish prevent ;  
At eve light up the chimney-nook,  
Lay there his glass within his book ;  
And that small chest of curious mould,  
(Queen Mab's, perchance, in days of old,)  
Tusk of elephant and gold ;  
Which, when a tale is long, dispenses  
Its fragrant dust to drowsy senses.  
In her who mourned not, when they missed her,  
The old a child, the young a sister ?  
No more the orphan runs to take  
From her loved hand the barley-cake.  
No more the matron in the school  
Expects her in the hour of rule,  
To sit amid the elfin brood,  
Praising the busy and the good.

The widow trims her hearth in vain.  
She comes not—nor will come again.  
Not now, his little lesson done,  
With Frederic blowing bubbles in the sun ;  
Nor spinning by the fountain-side,  
(Some story of the days of old,  
Barbe Bleue or Chaperon Rouge half-told  
To him who would not be denied ;)   
Not now, to while an hour away,  
Gone to the falls in Valembrè,  
Where 'tis night at noon of day ;  
Nor wandering up and down the wood,  
To all but her a solitude,  
Where once a wild deer, wild no more,  
Her chaplet on his antlers wore,  
And at her bidding stood.

## II.

THE day was in the golden west ;  
And, curtained close by leaf and flower,  
The doves had cooed themselves to rest  
In Jacqueline's deserted bower ;  
The doves—that still would at her casement peck,  
And in her walks had ever fluttered round

With purple feet and shining neck,  
True as the echo to the sound.  
That casement, underneath the trees,  
Half open to the western breeze,  
Looked down, enchanting Garonnelle,  
Thy wild and mulberry-shaded dell,  
Round which the Alps of Piedmont rose,  
The blush of sunset on their snows :  
While, blithe as lark on summer-morn,  
When green and yellow waves the corn,  
When harebells blow in every grove,  
And thrushes sing " I love ! I love !"   
Within (so soon the early rain  
Scatters, and 'tis fair again ;  
Though many a drop may yet be seen  
To tell us where a cloud has been)  
Within lay Frederic, o'er and o'er  
Building castles on the floor,  
And feigning, as they grew in size,  
New troubles and new dangers ;  
With dimpled cheeks and laughing eyes,  
As he and Fear were strangers.

St. Pierre sat by, nor saw nor smiled.  
His eyes were on his loved Montaigne ;  
But every leaf was turned in vain.

Then in that hour remorse he felt,  
And his heart told him he had dealt  
Unkindly with his child.  
A father may awhile refuse ;  
But who can for another choose ?  
When her young blushes had revealed  
The secret from herself concealed,  
Why promise what her tears denied,  
That she should be De Courcy's bride ?  
—Wouldst thou, presumptuous as thou art,  
O'er Nature play the tyrant's part,  
And with the hand compel the heart ?  
Oh rather, rather hope to bind  
The ocean-wave, the mountain-wind ;  
Or fix thy foot upon the ground  
To stop the planet rolling round.

The light was on his face ; and there  
You might have seen the passions driven—  
Resentment, Pity, Hope, Despair—  
Like clouds across the face of Heaven.  
Now he sighed heavily ; and now,  
His hand withdrawing from his brow,  
He shut the volume with a frown,  
To walk his troubled spirit down :

—When (faithful as that dog of yore\*  
Who wagged his tail and could no more)  
Manchon, who long had snuffed the ground,  
And sought and sought but never found,  
Leapt up and to the casement flew,  
And looked and barked, and vanished thro'.  
“ ’Tis Jacqueline! ’Tis Jacqueline!”  
Her little brother laughing cried.  
“ I know her by her kirtle green,  
She comes along the mountain-side;  
Now turning by the traveller’s seat,—  
Now resting in the hermit’s cave,—  
Now kneeling, where the pathways meet,  
To the cross on the stranger’s grave.  
And, by the soldier’s cloak, I know  
(There, there along the ridge they go)  
D’Arcy so gentle and so brave!  
Look up—why will you not?” he cries,  
His rosy hands before his eyes;  
For on that incense-breathing eve  
The sun shone out, as loth to leave.  
“ See—to the rugged rock she clings!  
She calls, she faints, and D’Arcy springs;

\* Argus.



D'Arcy so dear to us, to all ;  
Who, for you told me on your knee,  
When in the fight he saw you fall,  
Saved you for Jacqueline and me !”

And true it was ! And true the tale !  
When did she sue, and not prevail ?  
Five years before—it was the night  
That on the village-green they parted,  
The liliated banners streaming bright  
O'er maids and mothers broken-hearted ;  
The drum—it drowned the last adieu,  
When D'Arcy from the crowd she drew.  
“ One charge I have and one alone,  
Nor that refuse to take,  
My father—if not for his own,  
Oh for his daughter's sake !”  
Inly he vowed—'twas all he could ;  
And went and sealed it with his blood.

Nor can ye wonder. When a child,  
And in her playfulness she smiled,  
Up many a ladder-path\* he guided  
Where meteor-like the chamois glided,

\* Called in the language of the country *Pas-de-l' Echelle*.

Thro' many a misty grove.  
They loved—but under Friendship's name ;  
And Reason, Virtue fanned the flame,  
Till in their houses Discord came ,  
And 'twas a crime to love.  
Then what was Jacqueline to do ?  
Her father's angry hours she knew,  
And when to soothe, and when persuade ;  
But now her path De Courcy crossed,  
Led by his falcon through the glade—  
He turned, beheld, admired the maid ;  
And all her little arts were lost !  
De Courcy, Lord of Argentiére !  
Thy poverty, thy pride, St. Pierre,  
Thy thirst for vengeance sought the snare.  
The day was named, the guests invited ;  
The bride-groom, at the gate, alighted ;  
When up the windings of the dell,  
A pastoral pipe was heard to swell,  
And lo, an humble Piedmontese,  
Whose music might a lady please,  
This message thro' the lattice bore,  
(She listened, and her trembling frame  
Told her at once from whom it came)  
“ Oh let us fly—to part no more !”

## III.

THAT morn ('twas in Ste. Julienne's cell,  
As at Ste. Julienne's sacred well  
Their dream of Love began)  
That morn, ere many a star was set,  
Their hands had on the altar met  
Before the holy man.  
—And now, her strength, her courage spent,  
And more than half a penitent,  
She comes along the path she went.  
And now the village gleams at last ;  
The woods, the golden meadows passed,  
Where, when, Toulouse, thy splendour shone,  
The Troubadour would journey on  
Transported—or, from grove to grove,  
Framing some roundelay of love,  
Wander till the day was gone.

“ All will be well, my Jacqueline !  
Oh tremble not—but trust in me.  
The Good are better made by Ill,  
As odours crushed are sweeter still ;  
And gloomy as thy past has been,  
Bright shall thy future be !”



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So saying, thro' the fragrant shade  
Gently along he led the maid,  
While Manchon round and round her played :  
And, as that silent glen they leave,  
Where by the spring the pitchers stand,  
Where glow-worms light their little lamps at eve,  
And fairies revel as in fairy-land,  
(When Lubin calls, and Blanche steals round,  
Her finger on her lip, to see ;  
And many an acorn-cup is found  
Under the greenwood tree)  
From every cot above, below,  
They gather as they go—  
Sabot, and coif, and collerette,  
The housewife's prayer, the grandam's blessing !  
Girls that adjust their locks of jet,  
And look and look and linger yet,  
The lovely bride caressing ;  
Babes that had learnt to lisp her name,  
And heroes he had led to fame.

But what felt D'Arcy, when at length  
Her father's gate was open flung ?  
Ah, then he found a giant's strength ;  
For round him, as for life, she clung !

And when, her fit of weeping o'er,  
Onward they moved a little space,  
And saw an old man sitting at the door,  
Saw his wan cheek, and sunken eye  
That seemed to gaze on vacancy,  
'Then, at the sight of that beloved face,  
At once to fall upon his neck she flew ;  
But—not encouraged—back she drew,  
And trembling stood in dread suspense.  
Her tears her only eloquence !  
All, all—the while—an awful distance keeping ;  
Save D'Arcy, who nor speaks nor stirs ;  
And one, his little hand in hers,  
Who weeps to see his sister weeping.

Then Jacqueline the silence broke.  
She clasped her father's knees and spoke,  
Her brother kneeling too ;  
While D'Arcy as before looked on,  
'Tho' from his manly cheek was gone  
Its natural hue.

“ His praises from your lips I heard,  
Till my fond heart was won ;  
And, if in aught his Sire has erred,  
Oh turn not from the Son !—

She whom in joy, in grief you nursed ;  
Who climbed and called you father first,  
By that dear name conjures—  
On her you thought—but to be kind !  
When looked she up, but you inclined ?  
These things, for ever in her mind,  
Oh are they gone from yours ?  
Two kneeling at your feet behold ;  
One—one how young ;—nor yet the other old.  
Oh spurn them not—nor look so cold—  
If Jacqueline be cast away,  
Her bridal be her dying day.  
—Well, well might she believe in you !  
She listened, and she found it true.”

He shook his aged locks of snow ;  
And twice he turned, and rose to go.  
She hung ; and was St. Pierre to blame,  
If tears and smiles at length together came ?  
“Oh no—begone ! I'll hear no more.”  
But, as he spoke, his voice relented.  
“That very look thy mother wore  
When she implored, and old Le Roc consented.  
True, I have done, as well as suffered wrong.  
Yet still I love him as my own !



—Nor can'st thou, D'Arcy, feel resentment long ;  
For she herself shall plead, and I atone.  
Henceforth," he paused awhile, unmanned,  
For D'Arcy's tears bedewed his hand ;  
" Let each meet each, as friend to friend,  
All things by all forgot, forgiven.  
And that dear Saint—may she once more descend  
To make our home a heaven !—  
But now, in my hands, yours with hers unite.  
A father's blessing on your heads alight !  
. . . Nor let the least be sent away.  
All hearts shall sing ' Adieu to sorrow !'  
St. Pierre has found his child to-day ;  
And old and young shall dance to-morrow."

---

Had Louis\* then before the gate dismounted,  
Lost in the chase at set of sun ;  
Like Henry when he heard recounted†  
The generous deeds himself had done,

\* Louis the Fourteenth.

† Alluding to a popular story related of Henry the Fourth of France ;  
similar to ours of " The King and Miller of Mansfield."

(What time the miller's maid Colette  
Sung, while he supped, her chansonnette)  
Then—when St. Pierre addressed his village-train,  
Then had the monarch with a sigh confessed  
A joy by him unsought and unpossessed,  
—Without it what are all the rest?—  
To love, and to be loved again.

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# ODE TO SUPERSTITION.

WRITTEN IN 1785.

## I. 1.

HENCE, to the realms of Night, dire Demon, hence!

Thy chain of adamant can bind

That little world, the human mind,

And sink its noblest powers to impotence.

Wake the lion's loudest roar,

Clot his shaggy mane with gore,

With flashing fury bid his eyeballs shine ;

Meek is his savage, sullen soul, to thine !

Thy touch, thy deadening touch, has steeled the  
breast,

Whence, thro' her April shower, soft Pity smiled ;

Has closed the heart each godlike virtue blessed,

To all the silent pleadings of his child.\*

At thy command he plants the dagger deep,

At thy command exults, tho' Nature bids him weep !

\* The sacrifice of Iphigenia.

## I. 2.

When, with a frown that froze the peopled earth,\*  
Thou dartedst thy huge head from high,  
Night waved her banners o'er the sky,  
And, brooding, gave her shapeless shadows birth.  
Rocking on the billowy air,  
Ha ! what withering phantoms glare !  
As blows the blast with many a sudden swell,  
At each dead pause, what shrill-toned voices yell !  
The sheeted spectre, rising from the tomb,  
Points to the murderer's stab, and shudders by ;  
In every grove is felt a heavier gloom,  
That veils its genius from the vulgar eye :  
The spirit of the water rides the storm,  
And, thro' the mist, reveals the terrors of his form.

## I. 3.

O'er solid seas, where Winter reigns,  
And holds each mountain-wave in chains,  
The fur-clad savage, ere he guides his deer  
By glistening starlight thro' the snow,  
Breathes softly in her wondering ear  
Each potent spell thou bad'st him know.

\* Lucretius, l. 63.

By thee inspired, on India's sands,  
Full in the sun the Bramin stands ;  
And, while the panting tigress hies  
To quench her fever in the stream,  
His spirit laughs in agonies,  
Smit by the scorplings of the noontide beam.  
Mark who mounts the sacred pyre,\*  
Blooming in her bridal vest :  
She hurls the torch ! she fans the fire !  
To die is to be blest :  
She clasps her lord to part no more,  
And, sighing, sinks ! but sinks to soar.  
O'ershadowing Scotia's desert coast,  
The Sisters sail in dusky state,†  
And, wrapt in clouds, in tempests tost,  
Weave the airy web of Fate ;  
While the lone shepherd, near the shipless main,‡  
Sees o'er her hills advance the long-drawn funeral train.

\* The funeral rite of the Hindoos.

† The Fates of the Northern Mythology. See MALLET's Antiquities.

‡ An allusion to the Second Sight.

## II. 1.

Thou spak'st, and lo! a new creation glowed.  
Each unhewn mass of living stone  
Was clad in horrors not its own,  
And at its base the trembling nations bowed.  
Giant Error, darkly grand,  
Grasped the globe with iron hand.  
Circled with seats of bliss, the Lord of Light  
Saw prostrate worlds adore his golden height.  
The statue, waking with immortal powers,\*  
Springs from its parent earth, and shakes the spheres;  
The indignant pyramid sublimely towers,  
And braves the efforts of a host of years.  
Sweet Music breathes her soul into the wind;  
And bright-eyed Painting stamps the image of the mind.

## II. 2.

Round the rude ark old Egypt's sorcerers rise!  
A timbrelled anthem swells the gale,  
And bids the God of Thunders hail;†  
With lowings loud the captive God replies.  
Clouds of incense woo thy smile,  
Scaly monarch of the Nile!‡

\* Æn. II. 172, &amp;c.

† The bull, Apis.

‡ The crocodile.

But ah! what myriads claim the bended knee?\*

Go, count the busy drops that swell the sea.

Proud land! what eye can trace thy mystic lore,

Locked up in characters as dark as night?†

What eye those long, long labyrinths dare explore,‡

To which the parted soul oft wings her flight;

Again to visit her cold cell of clay,

Charmed with perennial sweets, and smiling at decay?

## II. 3.

On yon hoar summit, mildly bright§

With purple ether's liquid light,

High o'er the world, the white-robed Magi gaze

On dazzling bursts of heavenly fire;

Start at each blue, portentous blaze,

Each flame that flits with adverse spire.

But say, what sounds my ear invade

From Delphi's venerable shade?

The temple rocks, the laurel waves!

"The God! the God!" the Sibyl cries.||

\* According to an ancient proverb, it was less difficult in Egypt to find a god than a man.

† The Hieroglyphics.

‡ The Catacombs.

§ "The Persians," says Herodotus, "have no temples, altars, or statues. They sacrifice on the tops of the highest mountains." I. 131.

|| Æn. VI. 46, &c.

Her figure swells ! she foams, she raves !  
Her figure swells to more than mortal size !  
Streams of rapture roll along,  
Silver notes ascend the skies :  
Wake, Echo, wake and catch the song,  
Oh catch it, ere it dies !  
The Sibyl speaks, the dream is o'er,  
The holy harpings charm no more.  
In vain she checks the God's control ;  
His madding spirit fills her frame,  
And moulds the features of her soul,  
Breathing a prophetic flame.  
The cavern frowns ; its hundred mouths unclose !  
And, in the thunder's voice, the fate of empire flows !

## III. 1.

Mona, thy Druid-rites awake the dead !  
Rites thy brown oaks would never dare  
Even whisper to the idle air ;  
Rites that have chained old Ocean on his bed.  
Shivered by thy piercing glance,  
Pointless falls the hero's lance.  
Thy magic bids the imperial eagle fly,\*  
And blasts the laureate wreath of victory.

\* See Tacitus, l. xiv. c. 29.



Hark, the bard's soul inspires the vocal string!  
At every pause dread Silence hovers o'er:  
While murky Night sails round on raven wing,  
Deepening the tempest's howl, the torrent's roar;  
Chased by the Morn from Snowdon's awful brow,  
Where late she sate and scowled on the black wave  
below.

## III. 2.

Lo, steel-clad War his gorgeous standard rears!  
The red-cross squadrons madly rage,\*  
And mow thro' infancy and age;  
Then kiss the sacred dust and melt in tears.  
Veiling from the eye of day,  
Penance dreams her life away;  
In cloistered solitude she sits and sighs,  
While from each shrine still, small responses rise.  
Hear with what heartfelt beat the midnight bell  
Swings its low summons thro' the hollow pile!  
The weak, wan votarist leaves her twilight cell,  
To walk, with taper dim, the winding aisle;  
With choral chantings vainly to aspire  
Beyond this nether sphere, on Rapture's wing of fire.

\* This remarkable event happened at the siege and sack of Jerusalem in the last year of the eleventh century. Matth. Paris, IV. 2.

## III. 3.

Lord of each pang the nerves can feel,  
Hence with the rack and reeking wheel.  
Faith lifts the soul above this little ball!  
While gleams of glory open round,  
And circling choirs of angels call,  
Canst thou, with all thy terrors crowned,  
Hope to obscure that latent spark,  
Destined to shine when suns are dark?  
Thy triumphs cease! thro' every land,  
Hark! Truth proclaims, thy triumphs cease!  
Her heavenly form, with glowing hand,  
Benignly points to piety and peace.  
Flushed with youth, her looks impart  
Each fine feeling as it flows;  
Her voice the echo of a heart  
Pure as the mountain-snows:  
Celestial transports round her play,  
And softly, sweetly die away.  
She smiles! and where is now the cloud  
That blackened o'er thy baleful reign?  
Grim darkness furls his leaden shroud,  
Shrinking from her glance in vain.  
Her touch unlocks the day-spring from above,  
And lo! it visits man with beams of light and love.

WRITTEN TO BE SPOKEN BY

MRS. SIDDONS.\*

YES, 'tis the pulse of life ! my fears were vain ;  
I wake, I breathe, and am myself again.  
Still in this nether world ; no seraph yet !  
Nor walks my spirit, when the sun is set,  
With troubled step to haunt the fatal board,  
Where I died last—by poison or the sword ;  
Blanching each honest cheek with deeds of night,  
Done here so oft by dim and doubtful light.

To drop all metaphor, that little bell  
Called back reality, and broke the spell.  
No heroine claims your tears with tragic tone ;  
A very woman—scarce restrains her own !  
Can she, with fiction, charm the cheated mind,  
When to be grateful is the part assigned ?

\* After a Tragedy, performed for her benefit, at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane, April 27, 1795.

Ah, no! she scorns the trappings of her Art ;  
No theme but truth, no prompter but the heart !

But, Ladies, say, must I alone unmask ?  
Is here no other actress, let me ask.  
Believe me, those, who best the heart dissect,  
Know every Woman studies stage-effect.  
She moulds her manners to the part she fills,  
As Instinct teaches, or as Humour wills ;  
And, as the grave or gay her talent calls,  
Acts in the drama, till the curtain falls.

First, how her little breast with triumph swells,  
When the red coral rings its golden bells !  
To play in pantomime is then the *rage*,  
Along the carpet's many-coloured stage ;  
Or lisp her merry thoughts with loud endeavour,  
Now here, now there,—in noise and mischief ever !

A school-girl next, she curls her hair in papers,  
And mimics father's gout, and mother's vapours ;  
Discards her doll, bribes Betty for romances ;  
Playful at church, and serious when she dances ;  
Tramples alike on customs and on toes,  
And whispers all she hears to all she knows ;  
Terror of caps, and wigs, and sober notions !  
A romp ! that *longest* of perpetual motions !

—Till tamed and tortured into foreign graces,  
She sports her lovely face at public places ;  
And with blue, laughing eyes, behind her fan,  
First acts her part with that great actor, MAN.

Too soon a flirt, approach her and she flies !  
Frowns when pursued, and, when entreated, sighs !  
Plays with unhappy men as cats with mice ;  
Till fading beauty hints the late advice.  
Her prudence dictates what her pride disdained,  
And now she sues to slaves herself had chained !

Then comes that good old character, a Wife,  
With all the dear, distracting cares of life ;  
A thousand cards a day at doors to leave,  
And, in return, a thousand cards receive ;  
Rouge high, play deep, to lead the ton aspire,  
With nightly blaze set PORTLAND PLACE on fire ;  
Snatch half a glimpse at Concert, Opera, Ball,  
A meteor, traced by none, tho' seen by all ;  
And, when her shattered nerves forbid to roam,  
In very spleen—rehearse the girls at home.

Last the gray Dowager, in ancient flounces,  
With snuff and spectacles the age denounces ;  
Boasts how the Sires of this degenerate Isle  
Knelt for a look, and duelled for a smile.

The scourge and ridicule of Goth and Vandal,  
Her tea she sweetens, as she sips, with scandal ;  
With modern Belles eternal warfare wages,  
Like her own birds that clamour from their cages ;  
And shuffles round to bear her tale to all,  
Like some old Ruin, " nodding to its fall !"

Thus WOMAN makes her entrance and her exit ;  
Not least an actress when she least suspects it.  
Yet Nature oft peeps out and mars the plot,  
Each lesson lost, each poor pretence forgot ;  
Full oft, with energy that scorns control,  
At once lights up the features of the soul ;  
Unlocks each thought chained down by coward Art,  
And to full day the latent passions start !  
—And she, whose first, best wish is your applause,  
Herself exemplifies the truth she draws.  
Born on the stage—thro' every shifting scene,  
Obscure or bright, tempestuous or serene,  
Still has your smile her trembling spirit fired !  
And can she act, with thoughts like these inspired ?  
*Thus* from her mind all artifice she flings,  
All skill, all practice, now unmeaning things !  
To you, unchecked, each genuine feeling flows ;  
For all that life endears—to you she owes.

## ON . . . ASLEEP.

SLEEP on, and dream of Heaven awhile.  
Tho' shut so close thy laughing eyes,  
Thy rosy lips still wear a smile,  
And move, and breathe delicious sighs!—

Ah, now soft blushes tinge her cheeks,  
And mantle o'er her neck of snow.  
Ah, now she murmurs, now she speaks  
What most I wish—and fear to know.

She starts, she trembles, and she weeps!  
Her fair hands folded on her breast.  
—And now, how like a saint she sleeps!  
A seraph in the realms of rest!

Sleep on secure! Above control,  
Thy thoughts belong to Heaven and thee!  
And may the secret of thy soul  
Remain within its sanctuary!

## FROM A GREEK EPIGRAM.

WHILE on the cliff with calm delight she kneels,  
And the blue vales a thousand joys recall,  
See, to the last, last verge her infant steals !  
O fly—yet stir not, speak not, lest it fall.

Far better taught, she lays her bosom bare,  
And the fond boy springs back to nestle there.

## FROM EURIPIDES.

THERE is a streamlet issuing from a rock.  
The village-girls singing wild madrigals,  
Dip their white vestments in its waters clear,  
And hang them to the sun. There first I saw her ;  
There on that day. Her dark and eloquent eyes  
'Twas heaven to look upon ; and her sweet voice  
As tuneable as harp of many strings,  
At once spoke joy and sadness to my soul !

---

Dear is that valley to the murmuring bees ;  
And all, who know it, come and come again.



The small birds build there ; and, at summer-noon,  
Oft have I heard a child, gay among flowers,  
As in the shining grass she sate concealed,  
Sing to herself. . . . .

### FROM AN ITALIAN SONNET.

Love, under Friendship's vesture white,  
Laughs, his little limbs concealing ;  
And oft in sport, and oft in spite,  
Like Pity meets the dazzled sight,  
Smiles thro' his tears revealing.

But now as Rage the God appears !  
He frowns, and tempests shake his frame !—  
Frowning, or smiling, or in tears,  
'Tis Love ; and Love is still the same.

### A CHARACTER.

As thro' the hedge-row shade the violet steals,  
And the sweet air its modest leaf reveals ;  
Her softer charms, but by their influence known,  
Surprise all hearts, and mould them to her own.

## AN EXTRACT.

CAGED in old woods, whose reverend echoes wake  
When the hern screams along the distant lake,  
Her little heart oft flutters to be free,  
Oft sighs to turn the unrelenting key.  
In vain ! the nurse that rusted relic wears,  
Nor moved by gold—nor to be moved by tears;  
And terraced walls their black reflection throw  
On the green-mantled moat that sleeps below.

## A FAREWELL.

1797.

ADIEU ! A long, a long adieu !  
I must be gone while yet I may.  
Oft shall I weep to think of you ;  
But here I will not, cannot stay.

The sweet expression of that face,  
For ever changing, yet the same,  
Ah no, I dare not turn to trace—  
It melts my soul, it fires my frame!

Yet give me, give me, ere I go,  
One little lock of those so blest,  
That lend your cheek a warmer glow,  
And 'on your white neck love to rest.

—Say, when, to kindle soft delight,  
That hand has chanced with mine to meet,  
How could its thrilling touch excite  
A sigh so short, and yet so sweet?

O say—but no, it must not be.  
Adieu! A long, a long adieu!  
—Yet still, methinks, you frown on me;  
Or never could I fly from you.

## THE SAILOR.

THE Sailor sighs as sinks his native shore,  
As all its lessening turrets bluely fade ;  
He climbs the mast to feast his eye once more,  
And busy fancy fondly lends her aid.

Ah! now, each dear, domestic scene he knew,  
Recalled and cherished in a foreign clime,  
Charms with the magic of a moonlight view ;  
Its colours mellowed, not impaired, by time.

True as the needle, homeward points his heart,  
Thro' all the horrors of the stormy main ;  
This, the last wish that would with life depart,  
To meet the smile of her he loves again.

When Morn first faintly draws her silver line,  
Or Eve's gray cloud descends to drink the wave ;  
When sea and sky in midnight-darkness join,  
Still, still he sees the parting look she gave.

Her gentle spirit, lightly hovering o'er,  
Attends his little bark from pole to pole ;  
And, when the beating billows round him roar,  
Whispers sweet hope to soothe his troubled soul.

Carved is her name in many a spicy grove,  
In many a plantain-forest, waving wide ;  
Where dusky youths in painted plumage rove,  
And giant palms o'er-arch the golden tide.

But lo, at last he comes with crowded sail !  
Lo, o'er the cliff what eager figures bend !  
And hark, what mingled murmurs swell the gale !  
In each he hears the welcome of a friend.

—'Tis she, 'tis she herself ! she waves her hand !  
Soon is the anchor cast, the canvass furled ;  
Soon thro' the whitening surge he springs to land,  
And clasps the maid he singled from the world.

## TO AN OLD OAK.

TRUNK of a Giant now no more !  
Once did thy limbs to heaven aspire ;  
Once, by a track untried before,  
Strike as resolving to explore  
Realms of infernal fire.\*

Round thee, alas, no shadows move !  
From thee no sacred murmurs breathe !  
Yet within thee, thyself a grove,  
Once did the eagle scream above,  
And the wolf howl beneath.

There once the steel-clad knight reclined,  
His sable plumage tempest-tossed ;  
And, as the death-bell smote the wind,  
From towers long fled by human kind,  
His brow the hero crossed !

\* Radice in Tartara tendit.—VIRG.

Then Culture came, and days serene ;  
And village-sports, and garlands gay.  
Full many a pathway crossed the green ;  
And maids and shepherd-youths were seen  
To celebrate the May.

Father of many a forest deep,  
Whence many a navy thunder-fraught !  
Erst in thy acorn-cells asleep,  
Soon destined o'er the world to sweep,  
Opening new spheres of thought !

Wont in the night of woods to dwell,  
The holy Druid saw thee rise ;  
And, planting there the guardian spell,  
Sung forth, the dreadful pomp to swell  
Of human sacrifice !

Thy singed top and branches bare  
Now straggle in the evening-sky ;  
And the wan moon wheels round to glare  
On the long corse that shivers there  
Of him who came to die !

## TO TWO SISTERS.\*

WELL may you sit within, and, fond of grief,  
Look in each other's face, and melt in tears ;  
Well may you shun all counsel, all relief—  
Oh she was great in mind, tho' young in years !

Changed is that lovely countenance, which shed  
Light when she spoke ; and kindled sweet surprise,  
As o'er her frame each warm emotion spread,  
Played round her lips, and sparkled in her eyes.

Those lips so pure, that moved but to persuade,  
Still to the last enlivened and endeared ;  
Those eyes at once her secret soul conveyed,  
And ever beamed delight when you appeared.

Yet has she fled the life of bliss below,  
That youthful Hope in bright perspective drew ?  
False were the tints ! false as the feverish glow  
That o'er her burning cheek Distemper threw !

\* On the death of a younger sister.



And now in joy she dwells, in glory moves !  
(Glory and joy reserved for you to share ;)   
Far, far more blest in blessing those she loves,  
Than they, alas ! unconscious of her care.

### ON A TEAR.

OH ! that the Chemist's magic art  
Could crystallize this sacred treasure !  
Long should it glitter near my heart,  
A secret source of pensive pleasure.

The little brilliant, ere it fell,  
Its lustre caught from CHLOE'S eye ;  
Then, trembling, left its coral cell—  
The spring of Sensibility !

Sweet drop of pure and pearly light !  
In thee the rays of Virtue shine ;  
More calmly clear, more mildly bright,  
Than any gem that gilds the mine.

Benign restorer of the soul !  
Who ever fly'st to bring relief,  
When first we feel the rude control  
Of Love or Pity, Joy or Grief.

The sage's and the poet's theme,  
In every clime, in every age ;  
Thou charm'st in Fancy's idle dream,  
In Reason's philosophic page.

That very law\* which moulds a tear,  
And bids it trickle from its source,  
That law preserves the earth a sphere,  
And guides the planets in their course.

### TO A VOICE THAT HAD BEEN LOST.

Vane, quid affectas faciem mihi ponere, pictor ?  
Aëris et linguæ sum filia ;  
Et, si vis similem pingere, pingere sonum.—AUSONIUS.

ONCE more, Enchantress of the soul,  
Once more we hail thy soft control.  
—Yet whither, whither didst thou fly ?  
To what bright region of the sky ?  
Say, in what distant star to dwell ?  
(Of other worlds thou seem'st to tell)

\* The law of gravitation.

Or trembling, fluttering here below,  
Resolved and unresolved to go,  
In secret didst thou still impart  
Thy raptures to the pure in heart ?

Perhaps to many a desert shore,  
Thee, in his rage, the Tempest bore ;  
Thy broken murmurs swept along,  
Mid Echoes yet untuned by song ;  
Arrested in the realms of Frost,  
Or in the wilds of Ether lost.

Far happier thou ! 'twas thine to soar,  
Careering on the winged wind.  
Thy triumphs who shall dare explore ?  
Suns and their systems left behind.  
No tract of space, no distant star,  
No shock of elements at war,  
Did thee detain. Thy wing of fire  
Bore thee amid the Cherub-choir ;  
And there awhile to thee 'twas given  
Once more that Voice\* beloved to join,  
Which taught thee first a flight divine,  
And nursed thy infant years with many a strain  
from Heaven !

\* Mrs. Sheridan's.

## THE BOY OF EGREMOND.

1812.

“ SAY what remains when Hope is fled ?”

She answered, “ Endless weeping !”

For in the herdsman's eye she read

Who in his shroud lay sleeping.

At Embsay rung the matin-bell,

The stag was roused on Barden-fell ;

The mingled sounds were swelling, dying,

And down the Wharfe a hern was flying ;

When near the cabin in the wood,

In tartan clad and forest-green,

With hound in leash and hawk in hood,

The Boy of Egremond was seen.\*

\* In the twelfth century, William Fitz-Duncan laid waste the valleys of Craven with fire and sword ; and was afterwards established there by his uncle, David King of Scotland.

He was the last of the race ; his son, commonly called the Boy of Egremond, dying before him in the manner here related ; when a Priory was removed from Embsay to Bolton, that it might be as near as possible to the place where the accident happened. That place is still known by the name of the *Strid* ; and the mother's answer, as given in the first stanza, is to this day often repeated in Wharfedale.—See WHITTAKER's Hist. of Craven.

Blithe was his song, a song, of yore ;  
But where the rock is rent in two,  
And the river rushes through,  
His voice was heard no more !  
'Twas but a step ! the gulf he passed ;  
But that step—it was his last !  
As through the mist he winged his way,  
(A cloud that hovers night and day,)  
The hound hung back, and back he drew  
The Master and his merlin too.  
That narrow place of noise and strife  
Received their little all of Life !

There now the matin-bell is rung ;  
The “ Miserere ! ” duly sung ;  
And holy men in cowl and hood  
Are wandering up and down the wood.  
But what avail they ? Ruthless Lord,  
Thou didst not shudder when the sword  
Here on the young its fury spent,  
The helpless and the innocent.  
Sit now and answer, groan for groan.  
The child before thee is thy own.  
And she who wildly wanders there,  
The mother in her long despair,

Shall oft remind thee, waking, sleeping,  
Of those who by the Wharfe were weeping ;  
Of those who would not be consoled  
When red with blood the river rolled.

## WRITTEN IN A SICK CHAMBER.

1793.

THERE, in that bed so closely curtained round,  
Worn to a shade, and wan with slow decay,  
A father sleeps ! Oh hushed be every sound !  
Soft may we breathe the midnight hours away !

He stirs—yet still he sleeps. May heavenly dreams  
Long o'er his smooth and settled pillow rise ;  
Nor fly, till morning thro' the shutter streams,  
, And on the hearth the glimmering rush-light dies.

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## TO . . . . \*

1805.

AN! little thought she, when, with wild delight,  
By many a torrent's shining track she flew,  
When mountain-glens and caverns full of night  
O'er her young mind divine enchantment threw,

That in her veins a secret horror slept,  
That her light footsteps should be heard no more,  
That she should die—nor watched, alas! nor wept  
By thee, unconscious of the pangs she bore.

Yet round her couch indulgent Fancy drew  
The kindred forms her closing eye required.  
There didst thou stand—there, with the smile she  
knew ;  
She moved her lips to bless thee, and expired.

\* On the death of her sister.

And now to thee she comes ; still, still the same  
As in the hours gone unregarded by !  
To thee, how changed, comes as she ever came ;  
Health on her cheek, and pleasure in her eye !

Nor less, less oft, as on that day, appears,  
When lingering, as prophetic of the truth,  
By the wayside she shed her parting tears—  
For ever lovely in the light of Youth !

### TO A FRIEND ON HIS MARRIAGE.

1798.

ON thee, blest youth, a father's hand confers  
The maid thy earliest, fondest wishes knew.  
Each soft enchantment of the soul is hers ;  
Thine be the joys to firm attachment due.

As on she moves with hesitating grace,  
She wins assurance from his soothing voice ;  
And, with a look the pencil could not trace,  
Smiles thro' her blushes, and confirms the choice.



Spare the fine tremors of her feeling frame!  
To thee she turns—forgive a virgin's fears!  
To thee she turns with surest, tenderest claim;  
Weakness that charms, reluctance that endears!

At each response the sacred rite requires,  
From her full bosom bursts the unbidden sigh.  
A strange mysterious awe the scene inspires;  
And on her lips the trembling accents die.

O'er her fair face what wild emotions play!  
What lights and shades in sweet confusion blend!  
Soon shall they fly, glad harbingers of day,  
And settled sunshine on her soul descend!

Ah soon, thine own confest, ecstatic thought!  
That hand shall strew thy summer path with flowers;  
And those blue eyes, with mildest lustre fraught,  
Gild the calm current of domestic hours!

TO

## THE YOUNGEST DAUGHTER OF LADY \* \*.

AH! why with telltale tongue reveal  
What most her blushes would conceal? \*  
Why lift that modest veil to trace  
The seraph-sweetness of her face?  
Some fairer, better sport prefer;  
And feel for us, if not for her.

For this presumption, soon or late,  
Know thine shall be a kindred fate.  
Another shall in vengeance rise—  
Sing Harriet's cheeks, and Harriet's eyes;  
And, echoing back her wood-notes wild,  
—Trace all the mother in the child!

\* Alluding to some verses which she had written on an elder sister.

## THE ALPS AT DAYBREAK.

1782.

THE sunbeams streak the azure skies,  
And line with light the mountain's brow :  
With hounds and horns the hunters rise,  
And chase the roebuck thro' the snow.

From rock to rock, with giant-bound,  
High on their iron poles they pass ;  
Mute, lest the air, convulsed by sound,  
Rend from above a frozen mass.

The goats wind slow their wonted way,  
Up craggy steeps and ridges rude ;  
Marked by the wild wolf for his prey,  
From desert cave or hanging wood.

And while the torrent thunders loud,  
And as the echoing cliffs reply,  
The huts peep o'er the morning-cloud,  
Perched, like an eagle's nest, on high.



THE MOUNTAIN OF THE MOUNTAINS

1860



## WRITTEN AT MIDNIGHT.

1786.

WHILE thro' the broken pane the tempest sighs,  
And my step falters on the faithless floor,  
Shades of departed joys around me rise,  
With many a face that smiles on me no more ;  
With many a voice that thrills of transport gave,  
Now silent as the grass that tufts their grave !

TO . . . . .

Go—you may call it madness, folly ;  
You shall not chase my gloom away !  
There's such a charm in melancholy,  
I would not, if I could, be gay.

Oh, if you knew the pensive pleasure  
That fills my bosom when I sigh,  
You would not rob me of a treasure  
Monarchs are too poor to buy.

TO THE FRAGMENT OF A STATUE OF HERCULES,

COMMONLY CALLED

T H E T O R S O .

AND dost thou still, thou mass of breathing stone,  
(Thy giant limbs to night and chaos hurled)  
Still sit as on the fragment of a world ;  
Surviving all, majestic and alone ?  
What tho' the Spirits of the North, that swept  
Rome from the earth, when in her pomp she slept,  
Smote thee with fury, and thy headless trunk  
Deep in the dust 'mid tower and temple sunk ;  
Soon to subdue mankind 'twas thine to rise,  
Still, still unquelled thy glorious energies !  
Aspiring minds, with thee conversing, caught  
Bright revelations of the Good they sought ;\*  
By thee that long-lost spell† in secret given,  
To draw down Gods, and lift the soul to Heaven !

\* In the gardens of the Vatican, where it was placed by Julius II., it was long the favourite study of those great men to whom we owe the revival of the arts, Michael Angelo, Raphael, and the Caracci.

† Once in the possession of Praxiteles, if we may believe an ancient epigram on the Gnidian Venus.—*Analecta Vet. Poetarum*, III. 200.

## A WISH.

1782.

MINE be a cot beside the hill ;  
A bee-hive's hum shall soothe my ear ;  
A willowy brook, that turns a mill,  
With many a fall shall linger near.

The swallow, oft, beneath my thatch,  
Shall twitter from her clay-built nest ;  
Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,  
And share my meal, a welcome guest.

Around my ivy'd porch shall spring  
Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew ;  
And Lucy, at her wheel, shall sing  
In russet gown and apron blue.

'The village-church, among the trees,  
Where first our marriage-vows were given,  
With merry peals shall swell the breeze,  
And point with taper spire to heaven.



## TO THE GNAT.

WHEN by the green-wood side, at summer eve,  
Poetic visions charm my closing eye ;  
And fairy-scenes, that fancy loves to weave,  
Shift to wild notes of sweetest minstrelsy ;  
'Tis thine to range in busy quest of prey,  
Thy feathery antlers quivering with delight,  
Brush from my lids the hues of heaven away,  
And all is Solitude, and all is Night !  
—Ah now thy barbed shaft, relentless fly,  
Unsheaths its terrors in the sultry air !  
No guardian sylph, in golden panoply,  
Lifts the broad shield, and points the glittering spear.  
Now near and nearer rush thy whirring wings,  
Thy dragon-scales still wet with human gore.  
Hark, thy shrill horn its fearful larum flings !  
—I wake in horror, and dare sleep no more !

## AN EPITAPH

## ON A ROBIN-REDBREAST.\*

TREAD lightly here, for here, 'tis said,  
When piping winds are hushed around,  
A small note wakes from underground,  
Where now his tiny bones are laid.  
No more in lone and leafless groves,  
With ruffled wing and faded breast,  
His friendless, homeless spirit roves ;  
—Gone to the world where birds are blest !  
Where never cat glides o'er the green,  
Or school-boy's giant form is seen ;  
But Love, and Joy, and smiling Spring  
Inspire their little souls to sing !

\* Inscribed on an urn in the flower-garden at Hafod.

## AN ITALIAN SONG.

1782.

DEAR is my little native vale,  
The ring-dove builds and murmurs there ;  
Close by my cot she tells her tale  
To every passing villager.  
The squirrel leaps from tree to tree,  
And shells his nuts at liberty.

In orange-groves and myrtle-bowers,  
That breathe a gale of fragrance round,  
I charm the fairy-footed hours  
With my loved lute's romantic sound ;  
Or crowns of living laurel weave,  
For those that win the race at eve.

The shepherd's horn at break of day,  
The ballet danced in twilight glade,  
The canzonet and roundelay  
Sung in the silent green-wood shade ;  
These simple joys, that never fail,  
Shall bind me to my native vale.

## TO THE BUTTERFLY.

CHILD of the sun! pursue thy rapturous flight,  
Mingling with her thou lov'st in fields of light;  
And, where the flowers of Paradise unfold,  
Quaff fragrant nectar from their cups of gold.  
There shall thy wings, rich as an evening-sky,  
Expand and shut with silent ecstasy!  
—Yet wert thou once a worm, a thing that crept  
On the bare earth, then wrought a tomb and slept.  
And such is man; soon from his cell of clay  
To burst a seraph in the blaze of day!

WRITTEN IN

## THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND,

SEPTEMBER 2, 1812.

BLUE was the loch, the clouds were gone,  
Ben-Lomond in his glory shone,  
When, Luss, I left thee; when the breeze  
Bore me from thy silver sands,

Thy kirk-yard wall among the trees,  
Where, gray with age, the dial stands ;  
That dial so well known to me !  
—Tho' many a shadow it had shed,  
Beloved Sister, since with thee  
The legend on the stone was read.

The fairy isles fled far away ;  
That with its woods and uplands green,  
Where shepherd-huts are dimly seen,  
And songs are heard at close of day ;  
That too, the deer's wild covert, fled,  
And that, the asylum of the dead :  
While, as the boat went merrily,  
Much of ROB ROY the boatman told ;  
His arm that fell below his knee,  
His cattle-ford and mountain-hold.

Tarbat,\* thy shore I climbed at last ;  
And, thy shady region passed,  
Upon another shore I stood,  
And looked upon another flood ;†  
Great Ocean's self ! ('Tis He who fills  
That vast and awful depth of hills ;)

\* Signifying in the Gaelic language an Isthmus.

† Loch-long.

Where many an elf was playing round,  
Who treads unshod his classic ground ;  
And speaks, his native rocks among,  
As FINGAL spoke, and OSSIAN sung.

Night fell ; and dark and darker grew  
That narrow sea, that narrow sky,  
As o'er the glimmering waves we flew ;  
The sea-bird rustling, wailing by.  
And now the grampus, half-described,  
Black and huge above the tide ;  
The cliffs and promontories there,  
Front to front, and broad and bare ;  
Each beyond each, with giant-feet  
Advancing as in haste to meet ;  
The shattered fortress, whence the Dane  
Blew his shrill blast, nor rushed in vain,  
Tyrant of the drear domain ;  
All into midnight-shadow sweep—  
When day springs upward from the deep !\*  
Kindling the waters in its flight,  
The prow wakes splendour ; and the oar,  
That rose and fell unseen before,  
Flashes in a sea of light !

\* A phenomenon described by many navigators.

Glad sign and sure ! for now we hail  
Thy flowers, Glenfinnart, in the gale ;  
And bright indeed the path should be,  
That leads to Friendship and to Thee !

Oh blest retreat and sacred too !  
Sacred as when the bell of prayer  
Tolled duly on the desert air,  
And crosses decked thy summits blue.  
Oft, like some loved romantic tale,  
Oft shall my weary mind recall,  
Amid the hum and stir of men,  
Thy beechen grove and waterfall,  
Thy ferry with its gliding sail,  
And Her—the Lady of the Glen !

#### AN INSCRIPTION IN THE CRIMEA.

SHEPHERD, or Huntsman, or worn Mariner,  
Whate'er thou art, who wouldst allay thy thirst,  
Drink and be glad. This cistern of white stone,  
Arched, and o'erwrought with many a sacred verse,  
This iron cup chained for the general use,  
And these rude seats of Earth within the grove,

Were given by FATIMA. Borne hence a bride,  
 'Twas here she turned from her beloved sire,  
 To see his face no more.\* Oh, if thou canst,  
 ('Tis not far off) visit his tomb with flowers ;  
 And with a drop of this sweet water fill  
 The two small cells scooped in the marble there,  
 That birds may come and drink upon his grave,  
 Making it holy† . . . . .

\* There is a beautiful story, delivered down to us from antiquity, which will here perhaps occur to the reader.

Icarius, when he gave Penelope in marriage to Ulysses, endeavoured to persuade him to dwell in Lacedæmon ; and, when all he urged was to no purpose, he entreated his daughter to remain with him. When Ulysses set out with his bride for Ithaca, the old man followed the chariot, till, overcome by his importunity, Ulysses consented that it should be left with Penelope to decide whether she would proceed with him or return with her father. It is related, says Pausanias, that she made no reply, but that she covered herself with her veil ; and that Icarius, perceiving at once by it that she inclined to Ulysses, suffered her to depart with him.

A statue was afterwards placed by her father as a memorial in that part of the road where she had covered herself with her veil. It was still standing there in the days of Pausanias, and was called the statue of Modesty.

† A Turkish superstition.



## AN INSCRIPTION FOR A TEMPLE

## DEDICATED TO THE GRACES.\*

APPROACH with reverence. There are those within,  
Whose dwelling-place is Heaven. Daughters of Jove,  
From them flow all the decencies of Life ;  
Without them nothing pleases, Virtue's self  
Admired not loved : and those on whom They smile,  
Great though they be, and wise, and beautiful,  
Shine forth with double lustre.

## WRITTEN IN 1834.

WELL, when her day is over, be it said  
That, though a speck on the terrestrial globe,  
Found with long search and in a moment lost,  
She made herself a name—a name to live  
While science, eloquence, and song divine.

\* At Woburn Abbey.

And wisdom, in self-government displayed,  
And valour, such as only in the Free,  
Shall among men be honoured.

Every sea  
Was covered with her sails, in every port  
Her language spoken ; and, where'er you went,  
Exploring, to the east or to the west,  
Even to the rising or the setting day,  
Her arts and laws and institutes were there,  
Moving with silent and majestic march,  
Onward and onward, where no pathway was ;  
There her adventurous sons, like those of old,  
Founding vast empires\*—empires in their turn  
Destined to shine thro' many a distant age  
With sunlike splendour.

Wondrous was her wealth,  
The world itself her willing tributary ;

\* North America speaks for itself; and so indeed may we say of India, when such a territory is ours in a region so remote—"a territory larger and more populous than Great Britain and France and Spain, and Germany and Italy together;" when a company of merchants, from such small beginnings, have established a dominion so absolute, "where Trajan never penetrated and where the phalanx of Alexander refused to proceed"—a dominion over a people for ages civilized and cultivated, while we were yet in the woods.

Yet, to accomplish what her soul desired,  
All was as nothing ; and the mightiest kings,  
Each in his hour of strife exhausted, fallen,  
Drew strength from Her, their coffers from her own  
Filled to o'erflowing. When her fleets of war  
Had swept the main ; when not an adverse prow,  
From pole to pole, far as the sea-bird flies,  
Ruffled the tide ; and they themselves were gone,  
Gone from the eyes and from the minds of men,  
Their dreadful errands so entirely done—  
Up rose her armies ; on the land they stood,  
Fearless, erect ; and in an instant smote  
Him with his legions.\*

Yet ere long 'twas hers,  
Great as her triumphs, to eclipse them all,  
To do what none had done, none had conceived,  
An act how glorious, making joy in Heaven !  
When, such her prodigality, condemned  
To toil and toil, alas, how hopelessly,

\* Alluding to the battle of Waterloo. The illustrious Man who commanded there on our side, and who, in his anxiety to do justice to others, never fails to forget himself, said many years afterwards to the Author with some agitation, when relating an occurrence of that day, " It was a battle of giants !"

Herself in bonds, for ages unredeemed—  
As with a godlike energy she sprung,  
All else forgot, and, burdened as she was,  
Ransomed the African.

#### AN INSCRIPTION FOR STRATFIELD SAYE.

THESE are the groves a grateful people gave  
For noblest service ; and from age to age,  
May they, to such as come with listening ear,  
Relate the story ! Sacred is their shade ;  
Sacred the calm they breathe—oh, how unlike  
What in the field 'twas his so long to know ;  
Where many a mournful, many an anxious thought,  
'Troubling, perplexing, on his weary mind  
Preyed, ere to arms the morning-trumpet called ;  
Where, till the work was done and darkness fell,  
Blood ran like water, and, go where thou wouldst,  
Death in thy pathway met thee, face to face.

For on, regardless of himself, He went ;  
And, by no change elated or depressed,  
Fought, till he won the' imperishable wreath,

Leading the conquerors captive ; on he went,  
Bating nor heart nor hope, whoe'er opposed ;  
The greatest warriors, in their turn, appearing ;  
The last that came, the greatest of them all—  
One scattering fear, as born but to subdue,  
And, even in rout, in ruin, scattering fear ;  
So long, till warred on by the elements,  
Invincible ; the mightiest of the earth !

When such the service, what the recompense ?  
What was not due to him if he survived ?  
Yet, if I err not, a renown as fair,  
And fairer still, awaited him at home ;  
When in his place, day after day, he stood,  
The party-zeal, that round him raged, restraining ;  
—His not to rest, while his the strength to serve.

### REFLECTIONS.

MAN to the last is but a froward child ;  
So eager for the future, come what may,  
And to the present so insensible !  
Oh, if he could in all things as he would,  
Years would as days and hours as moments be ;

He would, so restless is his spirit here,  
Give wings to Time, and wish his life away!

---

ALAS, to our discomfort and his own,  
Oft are the greatest talents to be found  
In a fool's keeping. For what else is he,  
What else is he, however worldly wise,  
Who can pervert and to the worst abuse  
The noblest means to serve the noblest ends;  
Who can employ the gift of eloquence,  
That sacred gift, to dazzle and delude;  
Or, if achievement in the field be his,  
Climb but to gain a loss, suffering how much,  
And how much more inflicting! Every where,  
Cost what they will, such cruel freaks are played;  
And hence the turmoil in this world of ours,  
The turmoil never ending, still beginning,  
The wailing and the tears.—When CÆSAR came,  
He who could master all men but himself,  
Who did so much and could so well record it;  
Even he, the most applauded in his part,  
Who, when he spoke, all things summed up in him,  
Spoke to convince, nor ever, when he fought,

Fought but to conquer—what a life was his,  
Slaying so many, to be slain at last,\*  
A life of trouble and incessant toil,  
And all to gain what is far better missed !

---

THE heart, they say, is wiser than the schools ;  
And well they may. All that is great in thought,  
That strikes at once as with electric fire,  
And lifts us, as it were, from earth to heaven,  
Comes from the heart ; and who confesses not  
Its voice as sacred, nay almost divine,  
When inly it declares on what we do,  
Blaming, approving ? Let an erring world  
Judge as it will, we care not while we stand  
Acquitted there ; and oft, when clouds on clouds  
Compass us round and not a track appears,  
Oft is an upright heart the surest guide,  
Surer and better than the subtlest head ;  
Still with its silent counsels thro' the dark  
Onward and onward leading.

\* He is said to have slain a million of men in Gaul alone.

THIS Child, so lovely and so cherub-like,  
(No fairer spirit in the heaven of heavens)  
Say, must he know remorse? must Passion come,  
Passion in all or any of its shapes,  
To cloud and sully what is now so pure?  
Yes, come it must. For who, alas! has lived,  
Nor in the watches of the night recalled  
Words he has wished unsaid and deeds undone?  
Yes, come it must. But if, as we may hope,  
He learns ere long to discipline his mind,  
And onward goes, humbly and cheerfully,  
Assisting them that faint, weak though he be,  
And in his trying hours trusting in God—  
Fair as he is, he shall be fairer still;  
For what was Innocence will then be Virtue.

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OH, if the selfish knew how much they lost,  
What would they not endeavour, not endure,  
To imitate, as far as in them lay,  
Him who his wisdom and his power employs  
In making others happy!



## WRITTEN AT DROPMORE.

JULY, 1831.

GRENVILLE, to thee my gratitude is due  
For many an hour of studious musing here,  
For many a day-dream, such as hovered round  
Hafiz, or Sadi; thro' the golden East,  
Search where we would, no fairer bowers than these,  
Thine own creation; where, called forth by thee,  
"Flowers worthy of Paradise, with rich inlay,  
Broider the ground," and every mountain-pine  
Elsewhere unseen (his birth-place in the clouds,  
His kindred sweeping with majestic march  
From cliff to cliff along the snowy ridge  
Of Caucasus, or nearer yet the Moon)  
Breathes heavenly music.—Yet much more I owe  
For what so few, alas! can hope to share,  
Thy converse; when, among thy books reclined,  
Or in thy garden-chair, that wheels its course  
Slowly and silently thro' sun and shade,  
Thou speak'st, as ever thou art wont to do,  
In the calm temper of philosophy;  
—Still to delight, instruct, whate'er the theme.

## WRITTEN IN JULY,

1834.

GREY, thou hast served, and well, the sacred Cause,  
That Hampden, Sydney died for. Thou hast stood,  
Scorning all thought of Self, from first to last,  
Among the foremost in that glorious field ;  
From first to last ; and, ardent as thou art,  
Held on with equal step as best became  
A lofty mind, loftiest when most assailed ;  
Never, though galled by many a barbed shaft,  
By many a bitter taunt from friend and foe,  
Swerving, or shrinking. Happy in thy Youth,  
Thy Youth the dawn of a long summer-day ;  
But in thy Age still happier ; thine to earn  
The gratitude of millions yet to be ;  
Thine to conduct, through ways how difficult,  
A mighty people in their march sublime  
From Good to Better. Great thy recompense,  
When in their eyes thou read'st what thou hast done ;  
And may'st thou long enjoy it ; may'st thou long

Preserve for them what still they claim as theirs,  
That generous fervour and pure eloquence,  
Thine from thy birth and Nature's noblest gifts,  
To guard what They have gained!

WRITTEN IN

WESTMINSTER ABBEY,\*

OCTOBER 10, 1806.

WHOE'ER thou art, approach, and, with a sigh,  
Mark where the small remains of Greatness lie.†  
There sleeps the dust of FOX for ever gone;  
How near the Place where late his glory shone!  
And, tho' no more ascends the voice of Prayer,  
Tho' the last footsteps cease to linger there,  
Still, like an awful Dream that comes again,  
Alas, at best, as transient and as vain,  
Still do I see (while thro' the vaults of night  
The funeral-song once more proclaims the rite)

\* After the funeral of the Right Hon. CHARLES JAMES FOX.

† Venez voir le peu qui nous reste de tant de grandeur, &c.—Bossuet.  
Oraison funèbre de Louis de Bourbon.

The moving Pomp along the shadowy aisle,  
That, like a Darkness, filled the solemn Pile;  
The illustrious line, that in long order led,  
Of those, that loved Him living, mourned Him dead;  
Of those the Few, that for their Country stood  
Round Him who dared be singularly good;  
All, of all ranks, that claimed him for their own;  
And nothing wanting—but Himself alone!\*

Oh say, of Him now rests there but a name;  
Wont, as he was, to breathe ethereal flame?  
Friend of the Absent, Guardian of the Dead!  
Who but would here their sacred sorrows shed?  
(Such as He shed on NELSON'S closing grave;  
How soon to claim the sympathy He gave!)  
In Him, resentful of another's wrong,  
The dumb were eloquent, the feeble strong.  
Truth from his lips a charm celestial drew—  
Ah, who so mighty and so gentle too?

What tho' with War the madding Nations rung,  
'Peace,' when He spoke, was ever on his tongue!  
Amid the frowns of Power, the tricks of State,  
Fearless, resolved, and negligently great!

\* Et rien enfin ne manque dans tous ces honneurs, que celui à qui on les rend.—Ibid.

In vain malignant vapours gathered round ;  
He walked, erect, on consecrated ground.  
The clouds, that rise to quench the Orb of day,  
Reflect its splendour, and dissolve away !

When in retreat He laid his thunder by,  
For lettered ease and calm Philosophy,  
Blest were his hours within the silent grove,  
Where still his godlike Spirit deigns to rove ;  
Blest by the orphan's smile, the widow's prayer,  
For many a deed long done in secret there.  
There shone his lamp on Homer's hallowed page,  
There, listening, sate the hero and the sage ;  
And they, by virtue and by blood allied,  
Whom most He loved, and in whose arms He died.

Friend of all Human-kind ! not here alone  
(The voice, that speaks, was not to thee unknown)  
Wilt Thou be missed.—O'er every land and sea  
Long, long shall England be revered in Thee !  
And, when the Storm is hushed—in distant years—  
Foes on thy grave shall meet, and mingle tears !

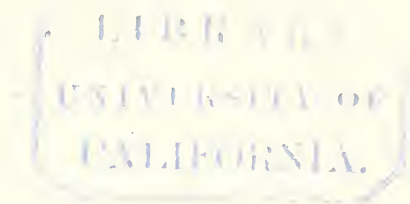
THE  
VOYAGE OF COLUMBUS.

1812.

CHI SE' TU, CHE VIENI—?  
DA ME STESSO NON VEGNO.

DANTE.





## PREFACE.

THE following Poem (or, to speak more properly, what remains of it\*) has here and there a lyrical turn of thought and expression. It is sudden in its transitions, and full of historical allusions ; leaving much to be imagined by the reader.

The subject is a voyage the most memorable in the annals of mankind. Columbus was a person of extraordinary virtue and piety, acting under the sense of a Divine impulse ; and his achievement the discovery of a New World, the inhabitants of which were shut out from the light of Revelation, and given up, as they believed, to the dominion of malignant spirits.

Many of the incidents will now be thought extrava-

\* The Original in the Castilian language, according to the Inscription that follows, was found among other MSS. in an old religious house near Palos, situated on an island formed by the river Tinto, and dedicated to our Lady of La Rábida. The Writer describes himself as having sailed with Columbus ; but his style and manner are evidently of an after-time.



gant ; yet they were once perhaps received with something more than indulgence. It was an age of miracles ; and who can say that among the venerable legends in the library of the Escorial, or the more authentic records which fill the great chamber in the *Archivo* of Simancas, and which relate entirely to the deep tragedy of America, there are no volumes that mention the marvellous things here described ? Indeed the story, as already told throughout Europe, admits of no heightening. Such was the religious enthusiasm of the early writers, that the Author had only to transfuse it into his verse ; and he appears to have done little more ; though some of the circumstances, which he alludes to as well-known, have long ceased to be so. By using the language of that day, he has called up Columbus “ in his habit as he lived ;” and the authorities, such as exist, are carefully given by the Translator.

INSCRIBED ON THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT.

UNCLASP me, Stranger ; and unfold,  
With trembling care, my leaves of gold,  
Rich in gothic portraiture—  
If yet, alas, a leaf endure.

In RABIDA's monastic fane  
I cannot ask, and ask in vain.  
The language of CASTILE I speak ;  
Mid many an Arab, many a Greek,  
Old in the days of CHARLEMAIN ;  
When minstrel-music wandered round,  
And Science, waking, blessed the sound.

No earthly thought has here a place,  
The cowl let down on every face ;

Yet here, in consecrated dust,  
Here would I sleep, if sleep I must.  
From GENOA when COLUMBUS came,  
(At once her glory and her shame)  
'Twas here he caught the holy flame.  
'Twas here the generous vow he made ;  
His banners on the altar laid.

Here tempest-worn and desolate\*  
A Pilot, journeying thro' the wild,  
Stopt to solicit at the gate  
A pittance for his child.

\* We have an interesting account of his first appearance in Spain, that country which was so soon to be the theatre of his glory. According to the testimony of Garcia Fernandez, the physician of Palos, a sea-faring man, accompanied by a very young boy, stopped one day at the gate of the convent of La Rábida and asked of the porter a little bread and water for his child. While they were receiving this humble refreshment, the Prior, Juan Perez, happening to pass by, was struck with the look and manner of the stranger, and, entering into conversation with him, soon learnt the particulars of his story. The stranger was Columbus; the boy was his son Diego; and, but for this accidental interview, America might have remained long undiscovered: for it was to the zeal of Juan Perez that he was finally indebted for the accomplishment of his great purpose. See Irving's History of Columbus.

'Twas here, unknowing and unknown,  
He stood upon the threshold-stone.  
But hope was his—a faith sublime,  
That triumphs over place and time ;  
And here, his mighty labour done,  
And his course of glory run,  
Awhile as more than man he stood,  
So large the debt of gratitude !

One hallowed morn, methought, I felt  
As if a soul within me dwelt !  
But who arose and gave to me  
The sacred trust I keep for thee,  
And in his cell at even-tide  
Knelt before the cross and died—  
Inquire not now. His name no more  
Glimmers on the chancel-floor,  
Near the lights that ever shine  
Before ST. MARY'S blessed shrine.

To me one little hour devote,  
And lay thy staff and scrip beside thee ;  
Read in the temper that he wrote,  
And may his gentle spirit guide thee !

My leaves forsake me, one by one ;  
The book-worm thro' and thro' has gone.  
Oh haste—unclasp me, and unfold ;  
The tale within was never told !

## PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

THERE is a spirit in the old Spanish Chroniclers of the sixteenth century that may be compared to the freshness of water at the fountain-head. Their simplicity, their sensibility to the strange and the wonderful, their very weaknesses give an infinite value, by giving a life and a character to every thing they touch ; and their religion, which bursts out every where, addresses itself to the imagination in the highest degree. If they err, their errors are not their own. They think and feel after the fashion of the time ; and their narratives are so many moving pictures of the actions, manners, and thoughts of their contemporaries.

What they had to communicate, might well make them eloquent ; but, inasmuch as relates to Columbus, the Inspiration went no farther. No National Poem appeared on the subject ; no Camoëns did honour to his Genius and his Virtues. Yet the materials, that have descended to us, are surely not unpoetical ; and

a desire to avail myself of them, to convey in some instances as far as I could, in others as far as I dared, their warmth of colouring and wildness of imagery, led me to conceive the idea of a Poem written not long after his death, when the great consequences of the Discovery were beginning to unfold themselves, but while the minds of men were still clinging to the superstitions of their fathers.

The Event here described may be thought too recent for the Machinery ; but I found them together.\* A belief in the agency of Evil Spirits prevailed over both hemispheres ; and even yet seems almost necessary to enable us to clear up the Darkness,

And justify the ways of God to Men.

\* Perhaps even a contemporary subject should not be rejected as such, however wild and extravagant it may be, if the manners be foreign and the place distant—*major è longinquo reverentia*. *L'éloignement des pays, says Racine, répare en quelque sorte la trop grande proximité des temps ; car le peuple ne met guère de différence entre ce qui est, si j'ose ainsi parler, à mille ans de lui, et ce qui en est à mille lieues.*

## THE ARGUMENT.

COLUMBUS, having wandered from kingdom to kingdom, at length obtains three ships and sets sail on the Atlantic. The compass alters from its ancient direction; the wind becomes constant and unremitting; night and day he advances, till he is suddenly stopped in his course by a mass of vegetation, extending as far as the eye can reach, and assuming the appearance of a country overwhelmed by the sea. Alarm and despondence on board. He resigns himself to the care of Heaven, and proceeds on his voyage.

Meanwhile the deities of America assemble in council; and one of the Zemi, the gods of the islanders, announces his approach. "In vain," says he, "have we guarded the Atlantic for ages. A mortal has baffled our power; nor will our votaries arm against him. Yours are a sterner race. Hence! and, while we have recourse to stratagem, do you array the nations round your altars, and prepare for an exterminating war." They disperse while he is yet speaking; and, in the shape of a condor, he directs his flight to the fleet. His journey described. He arrives there. A panic. A mutiny. Columbus restores order; continues on his voyage; and lands



in a New World. Ceremonies of the first interview. Rites of hospitality. The ghost of Cazziva.

Two months pass away, and an Angel, appearing in a dream to Columbus, thus addresses him: "Return to Europe; though your Adversaries, such is the will of Heaven, shall let loose the hurricane against you. A little while shall they triumph; insinuating themselves into the hearts of your followers, and making the World, which you came to bless, a scene of blood and slaughter. Yet is there cause for rejoicing. Your work is done. The cross of Christ is planted here; and, in due time, all things shall be made perfect."

# THE VOYAGE OF COLUMBUS.

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## CANTO I.

*Night—Columbus on the Atlantic—the Variation of the Compass,  
&c.*

SAY who, when age on age had rolled away,  
And still, as sunk the golden Orb of day,  
The seaman watched him, while he lingered here,  
With many a wish to follow, many a fear,  
And gazed and gazed and wondered where he went,  
So bright his path, so glorious his descent,  
Who first adventured—In his birth obscure,  
Yet born to build a Fame that should endure,  
Who the great secret of the Deep possessed,  
And issuing through the portals of the West,  
Fearless, resolved, with every sail unfurled,  
Planted his standard on the Unknown World?  
Him, by the Paynim bard descried of yore,  
And ere his coming sung on either shore,

Him, ere the birth of Time by Heaven designed  
To lift the veil that covered half mankind,  
None can exalt - - - - -  
Yet, ere I die, I would fulfil my vow ;  
Praise cannot wound his generous spirit now.

\* \* \* \* \*

'Twas night. The Moon, o'er the wide wave, disclosed  
Her awful face ; and Nature's self reposed ;  
When, slowly rising in the azure sky,  
Three white sails shone—but to no mortal eye,  
Entering a boundless sea. In slumber cast,  
The very ship-boy, on the dizzy mast,  
Half breathed his orisons ! Alone unchanged,  
Calmly, beneath, the great Commander ranged,  
Thoughtful not sad ; and, as the planet grew,  
His noble form, wrapt in his mantle blue,  
Athwart the deck a deepening shadow threw.  
“Thee hath it pleased—Thy will be done !” he said,  
Then sought his cabin ; and, their garments spread,  
Around him lay the sleeping as the dead,  
When, by his lamp to that mysterious Guide,  
On whose still counsels all his hopes relied,  
That Oracle to man in merey given,  
Whose voice is truth, whose wisdom is from heaven.

Who over sands and seas directs the stray,  
And, as with God's own finger, points the way,  
He turned ; but what strange thoughts perplexed his  
soul,

When, lo, no more attracted to the Pole,  
The Compass, faithless as the circling vane,  
Fluttered and fixed, fluttered and fixed again !  
At length, as by some unseen Hand imprest,  
It sought with trembling energy—the West !\*  
“ Ah no !” he cried, and calmed his anxious brow.  
“ Ill, nor the signs of ill, 'tis thine to show ;  
Thine but to lead me where I wished to go !”

COLUMBUS erred not. In that awful hour,  
Sent forth to save, and girt with Godlike power,  
And glorious as the regent of the sun,†  
An Angel came ! He spoke, and it was done !  
He spoke, and, at his call, a mighty Wind,  
Not like the fitful blast, with fury blind,  
But deep, majestic, in its destined course,  
Sprung with unerring, unrelenting force,  
From the bright East. Tides duly ebbd and flowed ;  
Stars rose and set ; and new horizons glowed ;

\* Herrera, dec. I. lib. i. c. 9.

† Rev. xix. 17.

Yet still it blew ! As with primeval sway  
Still did its ample spirit, night and day,  
Move on the waters !—All, resigned to Fate,  
Folded their arms and sate ; and seemed to wait  
Some sudden change ; and sought, in chill suspense,  
New spheres of being, and new modes of sense ;  
As men departing, though not doomed to die,  
And midway on their passage to eternity.

## CANTO II.

*The Voyage continued.*

“ WHAT vast foundations in the Abyss are there,  
As of a former world ? Is it not where  
ATLANTIC kings their barbarous pomp displayed ;  
Sunk into darkness with the realms they swayed,  
When towers and temples, thro’ the closing wave,  
A glimmering ray of ancient splendour gave—  
And we shall rest with them.—Or are we thrown”  
(Each gazed on each, and all exclaimed as one)  
“ Where things familiar cease and strange begin,  
All progress barred to those without, within ?

—Soon is the doubt resolved. Arise, behold—  
We stop to stir no more . . . nor will the tale be told.”

The pilot smote his breast ; the watchman cried  
“ Land ! ” and his voice in faltering accents died.  
At once the fury of the prow was quelled ;  
And (whence or why from many an age withheld)  
Shrieks, not of men, were mingling in the blast ;  
And armed shapes of godlike stature passed !  
Slowly along the evening-sky they went,  
As on the edge of some vast battlement ;  
Helmet and shield, and spear and gonfalon  
Streaming a baleful light that was not of the sun !

Long from the stern the great Adventurer gazed  
With awe not fear ; then high his hands he raised.  
“ Thou All-supreme - - - in goodness as in power,  
Who, from his birth to this eventful hour,  
Hast led thy servant over land and sea,\*  
Confessing Thee in all, and all in Thee,  
Oh still ”—He spoke, and lo, the charm accurst  
Fled whence it came, and the broad barrier burst !

\* They may give me what name they please. I am servant of Him,  
&c. Hist. del Almirante, c. 2.

A vain illusion! (such as mocks the eyes  
Of fearful men, when mountains round them rise  
From less than nothing) nothing now beheld,  
But scattered sedge—repelling, and repelled!

And once again that valiant company  
Right onward came, ploughing the Unknown Sea.  
Already borne beyond the range of thought,  
With Light divine, with Truth immortal fraught,  
From world to world their steady course they keep,  
Swift as the winds along the waters sweep,  
'Mid the mute nations of the purple deep.  
—And now the sound of harpy-wings they hear;  
Now less and less, as vanishing in fear!  
And see, the heavens bow down, the waters rise,  
And, rising, shoot in columns to the skies,  
That stand—and still, when they proceed, retire,  
As in the Desert burned the sacred fire;  
Moving in silent majesty, till Night  
Descends, and shuts the vision from their sight.

## CANTO III.

*An Assembly of Evil Spirits.*

Tuo' changed my cloth of gold for amice gray—  
In my spring-time, when every month was May,  
With hawk and hound I coursed away the hour,  
Or sung my roundelay in lady's bower.  
And tho' my world be now a narrow cell,  
(Renounced for ever all I loved so well)  
Tho' now my head be bald, my feet be bare,  
And scarce my knees sustain my book of prayer,  
Oh I was there, one of that gallant crew,  
And saw—and wondered whence his Power He drew,  
Yet little thought, tho' by his side I stood,  
Of his great Foes in earth and air and flood,  
Then uninstructed.—But my sand is run,  
And the Night coming—and my Task not done!—  
    'Twas in the deep, immeasurable cave  
Of ANDES, echoing to the Southern wave,  
Mid pillars of Basalt, the work of fire,  
That, giant-like, to upper day aspire,



'Twas there that now, as wont in heaven to shine,  
Forms of angelic mould and grace divine  
Assembled. All, exiled the realms of rest,  
In vain the sadness of their souls suppressed;  
Yet of their glory many a scattered ray  
Shot thro' the gathering shadows of decay.  
Each moved a God; and all, as Gods, possessed  
One half the globe; from pole to pole confessed!

Oh could I now—but how in mortal verse—  
Their numbers, their heroic deeds rehearse!  
These in dim shrines and barbarous symbols reign,  
Where PLATA and MARAGNON meet the Main.  
Those the wild hunter worships as he roves,  
In the green shade of CHILI's fragrant groves;  
Or warrior-tribes with rites of blood implore,  
Whose night-fires gleam along the sullen shore  
Of HURON or ONTARIO, inland seas,  
What time the song of death is in the breeze!

'Twas now in dismal pomp and order due,  
While the vast concave flashed with lightnings blue,  
On shining pavements of metallic ore,  
That many an age the fusing sulphur bore,  
They held high council. All was silence round,  
When, with a voice most sweet yet most profound,

A sovereign Spirit burst the gates of night,  
And from his wings of gold shook drops of liquid light !  
MERION, commissioned with his host to sweep  
From age to age the melancholy deep !  
Chief of the ZEMI, whom the Isles obeyed,  
By Ocean severed from a world of shade.

## I.

“ Prepare, again prepare,”  
Thus o’er the soul the thrilling accents came,  
“ Thrones to resign for lakes of living flame,  
And triumph for despair.  
He, on whose call afflicting thunders wait,  
Has willed it ; and his will is fate !  
In vain the legions, emulous to save,  
Hung in the tempest o’er the troubled main ;  
Turned each presumptuous prow that broke the wave,  
And dashed it on its shores again.  
All is fulfilled ! Behold, in close array,  
What mighty banners stream in the bright track of day !

## II.

“ No voice as erst shall in the desert rise ;  
Nor ancient, dread solemnities

With scorn of death the trembling tribes inspire.  
 Wreaths for the Conqueror's brow the victims bind!  
 Yet, tho' we fled yon firmament of fire,  
 Still shall we fly, all hope of rule resigned?"

\* \* \* \* \*

He spoke ; and all was silence, all was night !  
 Each had already winged his formidable flight.

#### CANTO IV.

##### *The Voyage continued.*

" AH, why look back, tho' all is left behind ?  
 No sounds of life are stirring in the wind.—  
 And you, ye birds, winging your passage home,  
 How blest ye are !—We know not where we roam.  
 We go," they cried, " go to return no more ;  
 Nor ours, alas, the transport to explore  
 A human footstep on a desert shore !"

—Still, as beyond this mortal life impelled  
 By some mysterious energy, He held  
 His everlasting course. Still self-possessed,  
 High on the deck He stood, disdaining rest ;

(His amber chain the only badge he bore,  
His mantle blue such as his fathers wore)  
Fathomed, with searching hand, the dark profound,  
And scattered hope and glad assurance round ;  
Tho', like some strange portentous dream, the Past  
Still hovered, and the cloudless sky o'ercast.

At daybreak might the Caravels\* be seen,  
Chasing their shadows o'er the deep serene ;  
Their burnished prows lashed by the sparkling tide,  
Their green-cross standards waving far and wide.  
And now once more to better thoughts inclined,  
The seaman, mounting, clamoured in the wind.  
The soldier told his tales of love and war ;  
The courtier sung—sung to his gay guitar.  
Round, at Primero, sate a whiskered band ;  
So Fortune smiled, careless of sea or land !  
LEON, MONTALVAN, (serving side by side ;  
Two with one soul—and, as they lived, they died)  
VASCO the brave, thrice found among the slain,  
Thrice, and how soon, up and in arms again,  
As soon to wish he had been sought in vain ;  
Chained down in FEZ, beneath the bitter thong,  
To the hard bench and heavy oar so long !

\* Light vessels, formerly used by the Spaniards and Portuguese.

ALBERT of FLORENCE, who, at twilight-time,  
 In my rapt ear poured DANTE's tragic rhyme,  
 Screened by the sail as near the mast we lay,  
 Our nights illumined by the ocean-spray ;  
 And MANFRED, who espoused with jewelled ring  
 Young ISABEL, then left her sorrowing :  
 LERMA ' the generous,' AVILA ' the proud ;'  
 VELASQUEZ, GARCIA, thro' the echoing crowd  
 Traced by their mirth—from EBRO's classic shore,  
 From golden TAJO, to return no more !

## CANTO V.

*The Voyage continued.*

\* \* \* \* \*

YET who but He undaunted could explore  
 A world of waves, a sea without a shore,  
 Trackless and vast and wild as that revealed  
 When round the Ark the birds of tempest wheeled ;  
 When all was still in the destroying hour—  
 No sign of man ! no vestige of his power !

One at the stern before the hour-glass stood,  
As 'twere to count the sands ; one o'er the flood  
Gazed for St. Elmo ;\* while another cried  
“Once more good morrow !” and sate down and sighed.  
Day, when it came, came only with its light.  
Though long invoked, 'twas sadder than the night !  
Look where He would, for ever as He turned,  
He met the eye of one that inly mourned.

Then sunk his generous spirit, and He wept.  
The friend, the father rose ; the hero slept.  
PALOS, thy port, with many a pang resigned,  
Filled with its busy scenes his lonely mind ;  
The solemn march, the vows in concert given,  
The bended knees and lifted hands to heaven,  
The incensed rites and choral harmonies,  
The Guardian's blessings mingling with his sighs ;  
While his dear boys—ah, on his neck they hung,  
And long at parting to his garments clung.†

\* A luminous appearance of good omen.

† His public procession to the convent of La Rábida on the day before he set sail. It was there that his sons had received their education ; and he himself appears to have passed some time there, the venerable Guardian, Juan Perez de Marchena, being his zealous and affectionate friend.—The ceremonies of his departure and return are represented in many of the fresco-paintings in the palaces of Genoa.

Oft in the silent night-watch doubt and fear  
Broke in uncertain murmurs on his ear.  
Oft the stern Catalan, at noon of day,  
Muttered dark threats, and lingered to obey ;  
Tho' that brave Youth—he, whom his courser bore  
Right thro' the midst, when, fetlock deep in gore,  
The great GONZALO battled with the Moor,  
(What time the ALHAMBRA shook—soon to unfold  
Its sacred courts, and fountains yet untold,  
Its holy texts and arabesques of gold)  
Tho' ROLDAN, sleep and death to him alike,  
Grasped his good sword and half unsheathed to strike.  
“ Oh born to wander with your flocks,” he cried,  
“ And bask and dream along the mountain-side ;  
To urge your mules, tinkling from hill to hill ;  
Or at the vintage-feast to drink your fill,  
And strike your castanets, with gipsy-maid  
Dancing Fandangos in the chestnut shade—  
Come on,” he cried, and threw his glove in scorn,  
“ Not this your wonted pledge, the brimming horn.  
Valiant in peace ! Adventurous at home !  
Oh, had ye vowed with pilgrim-staff to roam ;  
Or with banditti sought the sheltering wood,  
Where mouldering crosses mark the scene of blood !—”

He said, he drew ; then, at his Master's frown,  
Sullenly sheathed, plunging the weapon down.

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*  
\*       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*

## CANTO VI.

*The flight of an Angel of Darkness.*

WAR and the Great in War let others sing,  
Havoc and spoil, and tears and triumphing ;  
The morning-march that flashes to the sun,  
The feast of vultures when the day is done ;  
And the strange tale of many slain for one !  
I sing a Man, amid his sufferings here,  
Who watched and served in humbleness and fear ;  
Gentle to others, to himself severe.

Still unsubdued by Danger's varying form,  
Still, as unconscious of the coming storm,  
He looked elate ; and, with his wonted smile,  
On the great Ordnance leaning, would beguile  
The hour with talk. His beard, his mien sublime,  
Shadowed by Age—by Age before the time,\*  
From many a sorrow borne in many a clime,

\* Hist. c. 3.



Moved every heart. And now in opener skies  
Stars yet unnamed of purer radiance rise !  
Stars, milder suns, that love a shade to cast,  
And on the bright wave fling the trembling mast !  
Another firmament ! the orbs that roll,  
Singly or clustering, round the Southern pole !  
Not yet the four that glorify the Night—  
Ah, how forget when to my ravished sight,  
The Cross shone forth in everlasting light !

\* \* \* \* \*

'Twas the mid hour, when He, whose accents dread  
Still wandered thro' the regions of the dead,  
(MERION, commissioned with his host to sweep  
From age to age the melancholy deep)  
To elude the seraph-guard that watched for man,  
And mar, as erst, the Eternal's perfect plan,  
Rose like the Condor, and, at towering height,  
In pomp of plumage sailed, deepening the shades of  
night.

Roc of the West ! to him all empire given !  
Who bears Axalhua's dragon-folds to heaven ;  
His flight a whirlwind, and, when heard afar,  
Like thunder, or the distant din of war !

Mountains and seas fled backward as he passed  
O'er the great globe, by not a cloud o'ercast

From the ANTARCTIC, from the Land of Fire\*  
 To where ALASKA'S wintry wilds retire ;  
 From mines of gold, and giant-sons of earth,  
 To grotts of ice, and tribes of pigmy birth  
 Who freeze alive, nor, dead, in dust repose,  
 High-hung in forests to the casing snows.

\* \* \* \* \*

Now 'mid angelic multitudes he flies,  
 That hourly come with blessings from the skies ;  
 Wings the blue element, and, borne sublime,  
 Eyes the set sun, gilding each distant clime ;  
 Then, like a meteor, shooting to the main,  
 Melts into pure intelligence again.

#### CANTO VII.

*A Mutiny excited.*

WHAT tho' Despondence reigned, and wild Affright—  
 Stretched in the midst, and, thro' that dismal night,  
 By his white plume revealed and buskins white,  
 Slept ROLDAN. When he closed his gay career,  
 Hope fled for ever, and with Hope fled Fear.

\* Tierra del Fuego.

Blest with each gift indulgent Fortune sends,  
Birth and its rights, wealth and its train of friends,  
Starlike he shone! Now beggared and alone,  
Danger he wooed, and claimed her for his own.

O'er him a Vampyre his dark wings displayed.  
'Twas MERION's self, covering with dreadful shade.  
He came, and, couched on ROLDAN's ample breast,  
Each secret pore of breathing life possessed,  
Fanning the sleep that seemed his final rest;  
Then, inly gliding like a subtle flame,  
Thrice, with a cry that thrilled the mortal frame,  
Called on the Spirit within. Disdaining flight,  
Calmly she rose, collecting all her might.\*  
Dire was the dark encounter! Long unquelled,  
Her sacred seat, sovereign and pure, she held.  
At length the great Foe binds her for his prize,  
And awful, as in death, the body lies!

Not long to slumber! In an evil hour  
Informed and lifted by the unknown Power,  
It starts, it speaks! "We live, we breathe no more!  
The fatal wind blows on the dreary shore!

\* —magnum si pectore possit

Excussisse deum.

On yonder cliffs, beckoning their fellow-prey,  
The spectres stalk, and murmur at delay.\*  
—Yet if thou canst (not for myself I plead!  
Mine but to follow where 'tis thine to lead)  
Oh turn and save! To thee, with streaming eyes,  
To thee each widow kneels, each orphan cries!  
Who now, condemned the lingering hours to tell,  
Think and but think of those they loved so well!"

All melt in tears! but what can tears avail?  
These climb the mast, and shift the swelling sail.  
These snatch the helm; and round me now I hear  
Smiting of hands, outcries of grief and fear,†  
(That in the aisles at midnight haunt me still,  
Turning my lonely thoughts from good to ill)  
"Were there no graves—none in our land," they cry,  
"That thou hast brought us on the deep to die?"

Silent with sorrow, long within his cloak  
His face he muffled—then the HERO spoke.  
"Generous and brave! when God himself is here,  
Why shake at shadows in your mid career?  
He can suspend the laws himself designed,  
He walks the waters, and the winged wind;

\* Euripides in *Alceste*, v. 255.

† Voci alte e fioche, e suon di man con elle.—DANTE.

Himself your guide! and yours the high behest,  
To lift your voice, and bid a world be blest!  
And can you shrink? to you, to you consigned  
The glorious privilege to serve mankind!  
Oh had I perished, when my failing frame  
Clung to the shattered oar 'mid wrecks of flame!  
—Was it for this I lingered life away,  
The scorn of Folly, and of Fraud the prey;  
Bowed down my mind, the gift His bounty gave,  
At courts a suitor, and to slaves a slave?  
—Yet in His name whom only we should fear,  
(’Tis all, all I shall ask, or you shall hear)  
Grant but three days”—He spoke not uninspired;  
And each in silence to his watch retired.

At length among us came an unknown Voice!  
“Go, if ye will; and, if ye can, rejoice.  
Go, with unbidden guests the banquet share.  
In his own shape shall Death receive you there.”

## CANTO VIII.

*Land discovered.*

TWICE in the zenith blazed the orb of light ;  
No shade, all sun, insufferably bright !  
Then the long line found rest—in coral groves  
Silent and dark, where the sea-lion roves :—  
And all on deck, kindling to life again,  
Sent forth their anxious spirits o'er the main.

“ Oh whence, as wafted from Elysium, whence  
These perfumes, strangers to the raptured sense ?  
These boughs of gold, and fruits of heavenly hue,  
Tinging with vermeil light the billows blue ?  
And (thrice, thrice blessed is the eye that spied,  
The hand that snatched it sparkling in the tide)  
Whose cunning carved this vegetable bowl,\*  
Symbol of social rites, and intercourse of soul ?”  
Such to their grateful ear the gush of springs,  
Who course the ostrich, as away she wings ;

\* Ex ligno lucido confectum, et arte mirâ laboratum. P. Martyr. dec. 1. 5.

Sons of the desert ! who delight to dwell  
 'Mid kneeling camels round the sacred well ;  
 Who, ere the terrors of his pomp be passed,  
 Fall to the demon in the redd'ning blast.\*

\* \* \* \* \*

The sails were furled ; with many a melting close,  
 Solemn and slow the evening-anthem rose,  
 Rose to the Virgin. 'Twas the hour of day,  
 When setting suns o'er summer-seas display  
 A path of glory, opening in the west  
 To golden climes, and islands of the blest ;  
 And human voices, on the silent air,  
 Went o'er the waves in songs of gladness there !

Chosen of Men ! 'Twas thine, at noon of night,  
 First from the prow to hail the glimmering light ;  
 (Emblem of Truth divine, whose secret ray  
 Enters the soul and makes the darkness day !)  
 " PEDRO ! RODRIGO ! there, methought, it shone !  
 There—in the west ! and now, alas, 'tis gone !—  
 'Twas all a dream ! we gaze and gaze in vain !  
 —But mark and speak not, there it comes again !

\* The Sinoom.







It moves!—what form unseen, what being there  
 With torch-like lustre fires the murky air?  
 His instincts, passions, say, how like our own?  
 Oh! when will day reveal a world unknown?"

\* \* \* \* \*

## CANTO IX.

*The New World.*

LONG on the deep the mists of morning lay,  
 Then rose, revealing, as they rolled away,  
 Half-circling hills, whose everlasting woods  
 Sweep with their sable skirts the shadowy floods:  
 And say, when all, to holy transport given,  
 Embraced and wept as at the gates of Heaven,  
 When one and all of us, repentant, ran,  
 And, on our faces, blessed the wondrous Man;  
 Say, was I then deceived, or from the skies  
 Burst on my ear seraphic harmonies?  
 "Glory to God!" unnumbered voices sung,  
 "Glory to God!" the vales and mountains rung,

- Voices that hailed Creation's primal morn,  
And to the shepherds sung a Saviour born.

\* \* \* \* \*

Slowly, bare-headed, thro' the surf we bore  
The sacred cross, and, kneeling, kissed the shore.  
But what a scene was there! Nymphs of romance,  
Youths graceful as the Faun, with eager glance,  
Spring from the glades, and down the alleys peep,  
Then headlong rush, bounding from steep to steep,  
And clap their hands, exclaiming as they run,  
"Come and behold the Children of the Sun!"  
When hark, a signal-shot! The voice, it came  
Over the sea in darkness and in flame!  
They saw, they heard; and up the highest hill,  
As in a picture, all at once were still!  
Creatures so fair, in garments strangely wrought,  
From citadels, with Heaven's own thunder fraught,  
Checked their light footsteps—statue-like they stood  
As worshipped forms, the Genii of the Wood!

At length the spell dissolves! The warrior's lance  
Rings on the tortoise with wild dissonance!  
And see, the regal plumes, the couch of state!  
Still where it moves the wise in council wait!

See now borne forth the monstrous mask of gold,  
 And ebon chair of many a serpent-fold ;  
 These now exchanged for gifts that thrice surpass  
 The wondrous ring, and lamp, and horse of brass.  
 What long-drawn tube transports the gazer home,  
 Kindling with stars at noon the ethereal dome ?  
 'Tis here : and here circles of solid light  
 Charm with another self the cheated sight ;  
 As man to man another self disclose,  
 That now with terror starts, with triumph glows !

## CANTO X.

*Cora—Luxuriant Vegetation—the Humming-bird—the Fountain  
 of Youth.*

\* \* \* \* \*

THEN CORA came, the youngest of her race,  
 And in her hands she hid her lovely face ;  
 Yet oft by stealth a timid glance she cast,  
 And now with playful step the Mirror passed,  
 Each bright reflection brighter than the last !  
 And oft behind it flew, and oft before ;  
 The more she searched, pleased and perplexed the  
 more !

And look'd and laugh'd, and blush'd with quick surprise !

Her lips all mirth, all ecstasy her eyes !

But soon the telescope attracts her view ;  
And lo, her lover in his light canoe  
Rocking, at noon-tide, on the silent sea,  
Before her lies ! It cannot, cannot be.  
Late as he left the shore, she lingered there,  
Till, less and less, he melted into air !—  
Sigh after sigh steals from her gentle frame,  
And say—that murmur—was it not his name ?  
She turns, and thinks ; and, lost in wild amaze,  
Gazes again, and could for ever gaze !

Nor can thy flute, ALONSO, now excite  
As in VALENCIA, when, with fond delight,  
FRANCISCA, waking, to the lattice flew,  
So soon to love and to be wretched too !  
Hers thro' a convent-grate to send her last adieu.  
—Yet who now comes uncalled ; and round and round,  
And near and nearer flutters to the sound ;  
Then stirs not, breathes not—on enchanted ground ?  
Who now lets fall the flowers she culled to wear  
When he, who promised, should at eve be there ;

And faintly smiles, and hangs her head aside  
The tear that glistens on her cheek to hide !  
Ah, who but CORA ?—till inspired, possessed,  
At once she springs, and clasps it to her breast !

Soon from the bay the mingling crowd ascends,  
Kindred first met ! by sacred instinct Friends !  
Thro' citron-groves, and fields of yellow maize,  
Thro' plantain-walks where not a sunbeam plays.  
Here blue savannas fade into the sky,  
There forests frown in midnight majesty ;  
Ceiba, and Indian fig, and plane sublime,  
Nature's first-born, and revered by Time !  
There sits the bird that speaks ! there, quivering, rise  
Wings that reflect the glow of evening skies !  
Half bird, half fly, the fairy king of flowers  
Reigns there, and revels thro' the fragrant hours ;  
Gem full of life, and joy, and song divine,  
Soon in the virgin's graceful ear to shine.

'Twas he that sung, if ancient Fame speaks truth,  
" Come ! follow, follow to the Fount of Youth !  
I quaff the ambrosial mists that round it rise,  
Dissolved and lost in dreams of Paradise !"  
For there called forth, to bless a happier hour,  
It met the sun in many a rainbow-shower !

Murmuring delight, its living waters rolled  
'Mid branching palms and amaranths of gold !

## CANTO XI.

*Evening—a Banquet—the Ghost of Cazziva.*

THE tamarind closed her leaves ; the marmoset  
Dreamed on his bough, and played the mimic yet.  
Fresh from the lake the breeze of twilight blew,  
And vast and deep the mountain-shadows grew ;  
When many a fire-fly, shooting thro' the glade,  
Spangled the locks of many a lovely maid,  
Who now danced forth to strew our path with flowers,  
And hymn our welcome to celestial bowers.\*

There odorous lamps adorned the festal rite,  
And guavas blushed as in the vales of light.  
There silent sate many an unbidden Guest,  
Whose steadfast looks a secret dread impressed ;  
Not there forgot the sacred fruit that fed  
At nightly feasts the Spirits of the Dead.

\* P. Martyr. dec. i. 5.

Mingling in scenes that mirth to mortals give,  
But by their sadness known from those that live.

There met, as erst, within the wonted grove,  
Unmarried girls and youths that died for love !  
Sons now beheld their ancient sires again ;  
And sires, alas, their sons in battle slain !

But whence that sigh ? 'Twas from a heart that  
broke !

And whence that voice ? As from the grave it spoke !  
And who, as unresolved the feast to share,  
Sits half-withdrawn in faded splendour there ?

'Tis he of yore, the warrior and the sage,  
Whose lips have moved in prayer from age to age ;  
Whose eyes, that wandered as in search before,  
Now on COLUMBUS fixed—to search no more !

CAZZIVA, gifted in his day to know  
The gathering signs of a long night of woe ;  
Gifted by Those who give but to enslave ;  
No rest in death ! no refuge in the grave !  
—With sudden spring as at the shout of war,  
He flies ! and, turning in his flight, from far  
Glares thro' the gloom like some portentous star !

Unseen, unheard ! Hence, Minister of Ill !  
Hence, 'tis not yet the hour ! tho' come it will !  
They that foretold—too soon shall they fulfil ;



When forth they rush as with the torrent's sweep,  
And deeds are done that make the Angels weep !

Hark, o'er the busy mead the shell proclaims\*  
Triumphs, and masques, and high heroic games.  
And now the old sit round ; and now the young  
Climb the green boughs, the murmuring doves among.  
Who claims the prize, when winged feet contend ;  
When twanging bows the flaming arrows send ?†  
Who stands self-centred in the field of fame,  
And, grappling, flings to earth a giant's frame ?  
Whilst all, with anxious hearts and eager eyes,  
Bend as he bends, and, as he rises, rise !  
And CORA'S self, in pride of beauty here,  
Trembles with grief and joy, and hope and fear !  
(She who, the fairest, ever flew the first,  
With cup of balm to quench his burning thirst ;  
Knelt at his head, her fan-leaf in her hand,  
And hummed the air that pleased him, while she  
fanned)

How blest his lot !—tho', by the Muse unsung,  
His name shall perish, when his knell is rung.

That night, transported, with a sigh I said  
“ 'Tis all a dream ! ”—Now, like a dream, 'tis fled ;

\* P. Martyr. dec. iii. c. 7.

† Rochefort, c. xx.

And many and many a year has passed away,  
 And I alone remain to watch and pray !  
 Yet oft in darkness, on my bed of straw,  
 Oft I awake and think on what I saw !  
 The groves, the birds, the youths, the nymphs recall,  
 And CORA, loveliest, sweetest of them all !

## CANTO XII.

*A Vision.*

STILL would I speak of Him before I went,  
 Who among us a life of sorrow spent,  
 And, dying, left a world his monument ;  
 Still, if the time allowed ! My Hour draws near ;  
 But He will prompt me when I faint with fear.  
 - - - Alas, He hears me not ! He cannot hear !

\* \* \* \* \*

Twice the Moon filled her silver urn with light.  
 Then from the Throne an Angel winged his flight ;  
 He, who unfixed the compass, and assigned  
 O'er the wild waves a pathway to the wind ;

Who, while approached by none but Spirits pure,  
Wrought, in his progress thro' the dread obscure,  
Signs like the ethereal bow—that shall endure!

As he descended thro' the upper air,  
Day broke on day as God himself were there!  
Before the great Discoverer, laid to rest,  
He stood, and thus his secret soul addressed.

“The wind recalls thee; its still voice obey.  
Millions await thy coming; hence, away.  
To thee blest tidings of great joy consigned,  
Another Nature, and a new Mankind!  
The vain to dream, the wise to doubt shall cease;  
Young men be glad, and old depart in peace!\*

Hence! tho' assembling in the fields of air,  
Now, in a night of clouds, thy Foes prepare  
To rock the globe with elemental wars,  
And dash the floods of ocean to the stars;  
To bid the meek repine, the valiant weep,  
And Thee restore thy Secret to the Deep!

“Not then to leave Thee! to their vengeance cast,  
Thy heart their aliment, their dire repast!†

- - - - -

\* P. Martyr. Epist. 133, 152.

† See the Eumenides of Æschylus, v. 305, &c.

To other eyes shall MEXICO unfold  
Her feathered tapestries, and roofs of gold.  
To other eyes, from distant cliff descried,  
Shall the PACIFIC roll his ample tide ;  
There destined soon rich argosies to ride.  
Chains thy reward ! beyond the ATLANTIC wave  
Hung in thy chamber, buried in thy grave !  
Thy reverend form to time and grief a prey,  
A phantom wandering in the light of day !

“ What tho' thy gray hairs to the dust descend,  
Their scent shall track thee, track thee to the end ;\*  
Thy sons reproached with their great father's fame,  
And on his world inscribed another's name !  
That world a prison-house, full of sights of woe,  
Where groans burst forth, and tears in torrents flow !  
These gardens of the sun, sacred to song,  
By dogs of carnage howling loud and long,  
Swept—till the voyager, in the desert air,  
Starts back to hear his altered accents there !

“ Not thine the olive, but the sword to bring,  
Not peace, but war ! Yet from these shores shall spring

\* See the Eumenides of Æschylus, v. 246.

Peace without end ;\* from these, with blood defiled,  
Spread the pure spirit of thy Master mild !  
Here, in His train, shall arts and arms attend,  
Arts to adorn, and arms but to defend.  
Assembling here, all nations shall be blest ;  
The sad be comforted ; the weary rest ;  
Untouched shall drop the fetters from the slave ;  
And He shall rule the world he died to save !

“ Hence, and rejoice. The glorious work is done.  
A spark is thrown that shall eclipse the sun !  
And, tho' bad men shall long thy course pursue,  
As erst the ravening brood o'er chaos flew,†  
He, whom I serve, shall vindicate his reign ;  
The spoiler spoiled of all ; the slayer slain ;  
The tyrant's self, oppressing and opprest,  
Mid gems and gold unenvied and unblest ;  
While to the starry sphere thy name shall rise,  
(Not there unsung thy generous enterprise !)  
Thine in all hearts to dwell—by Fame enshrined,  
With those, the Few, that live but for Mankind ;  
Thine evermore, transcendent happiness !  
World beyond world to visit and to bless.”

\* See Washington's farewell address to his fellow-citizens.

† See Paradise Lost. X.

ON the two last leaves, and written in another hand, are some stanzas in the romance or ballad measure of the Spaniards. The subject is an adventure soon related.

THY lonely watch-tower, Larenille,  
Had lost the western sun ;  
And loud and long from hill to hill  
Echoed the evening-gun,  
When Hernan, rising on his oar,  
Shot like an arrow from the shore.  
—“ Those lights are on St. Mary’s Isle ;  
They glimmer from the sacred pile.”\*  
The waves were rough ; the hour was late.  
But soon across the Tinto borne,  
Thrice he blew the signal-horn,  
He blew and would not wait.  
Home by his dangerous path he went ;  
Leaving, in rich habiliment,  
Two Strangers at the Convent-gate.

\* The Convent of La Rábida.

They ascended by steps hewn out in the rock ; and, having asked for admittance, were lodged there.

Brothers in arms the Guests appeared ;  
The Youngest with a Princely grace !  
Short and sable was his beard,  
Thoughtful and wan his face.  
His velvet cap a medal bore,  
And ermine fringed his broidered vest ;  
And, ever sparkling on his breast,  
An image of St. John he wore.\*

The Eldest had a rougher aspect, and there was craft in his eye. He stood a little behind in a long black mantle, his hand resting on the hilt of his sword ; and his white hat and white shoes glittered in the moonshine.†

“ Not here unwelcome, tho' unknown.  
Enter and rest !” the Friar said.

\* See Bernal Diaz, c. 203 ; and also a well known portrait of Cortes, ascribed to Titian. Cortes was now in the 43d, Pizarro in the 50th year of his age.

† Agustin Zaratè, lib. iv. c. 9.







The moon, that thro' the portal shone,  
Shone on his reverend head.

Thro' many a court and gallery dim  
Slowly he led, the burial-hymn  
Swelling from the distant choir.  
But now the holy men retire ;  
The arched cloisters issuing thro',  
In long, long order, two and two.

\* \* \* \* \*

When other sounds had died away,  
And the waves were heard alone,  
They entered, tho' 'unused to pray,  
Where God was worshipped, night and day,  
And the dead knelt round in stone ;  
They entered, and from aisle to aisle  
Wandered with folded arms awhile,  
Where on his altar-tomb reclined  
The crosiered Abbot ; and the Knight  
In harness for the Christian fight,  
His hands in supplication joined ;—  
Then said as in a solemn mood,  
“ Now stand we where COLUMBUS stood !”

\* \* \* \* \*

“ PEREZ,\* thou good old man,” they cried,  
 “ And art thou in thy place of rest ?—  
 Tho’ in the western world His grave,†  
 That other world, the gift He gave,‡  
 Would ye were sleeping side by side !  
 Of all his friends He loved thee best.”

\* \* \* \* \*

The supper in the chamber done,  
 Much of a Southern Sea they spake,  
 And of that glorious city§ won  
 Near the setting of the Sun,  
 Throned in a silver lake ;  
 Of seven kings in chains of gold||  
 And deeds of death by tongue untold,  
 Deeds such as breathed in secret there  
 Had shaken the Confession-chair !

\* Late Superior of the House.

† In the chancel of the cathedral of St. Domingo.

‡ The words of the epitaph. “ A Castilia y a Leon nuevo Mundo dio Colon.”

§ Mexico.

|| Afterwards the arms of Cortes and his descendants.

The Eldest swore by our Lady,\* the Youngest by his conscience;† while the Franciscan, sitting by in his gray habit, turned away and crossed himself again and again. "Here is a little book," said he at last, "the work of him in his shroud below. It tells of things you have mentioned; and, were Cortes and Pizarro here, it might perhaps make them reflect for a moment." The Youngest smiled as he took it into his hand. He read it aloud to his companion with an unfaltering voice; but, when he laid it down, a silence ensued; nor was he seen to smile again that night.‡ "The curse is heavy," said he at parting, "but Cortes may live to disappoint it."—"Ay, and Pizarro too!"

\* Fernandez, lib. ii. c. 63.

† B. Diaz, c. 203.

‡ "After the death of Guatimotzin," says B. Diaz, "he became gloomy and restless; rising continually from his bed, and wandering about in the dark."—"Nothing prospered with him; and it was ascribed to the curses he was loaded with."

\* \* A circumstance, recorded by Herrera, renders this visit not improbable. "In May, 1528, Cortes arrived unexpectedly at Palos; and, soon after he had landed, he and Pizarro met and rejoiced; and it was

remarkable that they should meet, as they were two of the most renowned men in the world." B. Diaz makes no mention of the interview ; but relating an occurrence that took place at this time in Palos, says, " that Cortes was now absent at Nuestra Senora de la Rábida." The Convent is within half a league of the town.

## NOTES.

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P. 249, l. 13.

. . . *descried of yore,*

In him was fulfilled the ancient prophecy,

. . . . . *venient annis*  
*Secula seris, quibus Oceanus*  
*Vincula rerum laxet, &c.*

SENECA in *Medea*, v. 374.

Which Tasso has imitated in his *Gerusalemme Liberata*.

Tempo verrà, che fian d'Ercole i segni  
*Favola, vile, &c.* c. xv. 30.

The Poem opens on Friday the 14th of September, 1492.

P. 250, l. 13.

. . . *the great Commander*

In the original, *El Almirante*. "In Spanish America," says M. de Humboldt, "when *El Almirante* is pronounced without the addition of a name, that of Columbus is understood; as, from the lips of a Mexican, *El Marchese* signifies Cortes:" and as among the Florentines, *Il Segretario* has always signified Machiavel.

P. 250, l. 17.

*"Thee hath it pleased—Thy will be done!" he said,*

"It has pleased our Lord to grant me faith and assurance for this enterprise—He has opened my understanding, and made me most willing to go." See his Life by his son, Ferd. Columbus, entitled, *Hist. del Almirante Don Christoval Colon*, c. 4 & 37.

His Will begins thus. "In the name of the most holy Trinity, who inspired me with the idea, and who afterwards made it clear to me, that by traversing the Ocean westwardly," &c.

P. 250, l. 23.

*Whose voice is truth, whose wisdom is from heaven,*

The compass might well be an object of superstition. A belief is said to prevail even at this day, that it will refuse to traverse when there is a dead body on board.

P. 251, l. 12.

*COLUMBUS erred not.*

When these regions were to be illuminated, says Acosta, *cùm divino concilio decretum esset, prospectum etiam divinitus est, ut tam longi itineris dux certus hominibus præberetur.—De Natura Novi Orbis.*

A romantic circumstance is related of some early navigator in the *Histoire Gén. des Voyages*, I. i. 2. "On trouva dans

l'île de Cuervo une statue équestre, couverte d'un manteau, mais la tête nue, qui tenoit de la main gauche la bride du cheval, et qui montrait l'occident de la main droite. Il y avoit sur le bas d'un roc quelques lettres gravées, qui ne furent point entendues; mais il parut clairement que le signe de la main regardoit l'Amérique."

P. 251, l. 16.

*He spoke, and, at his call, a mighty Wind,*

The more Christian opinion is, that God, with eyes of compassion, as it were, looking down from heaven, called forth those *winds of mercy*, whereby this new world received the hope of salvation.—Preambles to the Decades of the Ocean.

P. 252, l. 4.

*Folded their arms and sate;*

To return was deemed impossible, as it blew always from home.—Hist. del Almirante, c. 19. Nos pavidī—at pater Anchises—lætus.

P. 252, l. 9.

*What vast foundations in the Abyss are there,*

Tasso employs preternatural agents on a similar occasion,

Trappassa, et ecco in quel silvestre loco

Sorge improvvisa la città del foco. xiii. 33.

Gli incanti d'Ismeno, che ingannano con delusioni, altro non significano, che la falsità delle ragioni, et delle persuasioni, la qual si genera nella moltitudine, et varietà de' pareri, et de' discorsi humani.



P. 252, l. 11.

*ATLANTIC kings their barbarous pomp displayed ;*

See Plato's *Timæus*; where mention is made of mighty kingdoms, which, in a day and a night, had disappeared in the Atlantic, rendering its waters unnavigable.

Si quæras Helicen et Burin, Achæidas urbes,  
Invenies sub aquis.

At the destruction of Callao, in 1747, no more than one of all the inhabitants escaped; and he, by a providence the most extraordinary. This man was on the fort that overlooked the harbour, going to strike the flag, when he saw the sea retire to a considerable distance and then, swelling mountain-high, return with great violence. The people ran from their houses in terror and confusion; he heard a cry of *Miserere* rise from all parts of the city; and immediately all was silent; the sea had entirely overwhelmed it, and buried it for ever in its bosom: but the same wave that destroyed it, drove a little boat by the place where he stood, into which he threw himself and was saved.

P. 253, l. 2.

*We stop to stir no more . . .*

The description of a submarine forest is here omitted by the translator.

League beyond league gigantic foliage spread,  
Shadowing old Ocean on his rocky bed;  
The lofty summits of resounding woods,  
That grasped the depths, and grappled with the floods;  
Such as had climbed the mountain's azure height,  
When forth he came and reassumed his right.

P. 253, l. 4.

*"Land!" and his voice in fullering accents died.*

Historians are not silent on the subject. The sailors, according to Herrera, saw the signs of an inundated country (tierras anegadas); and it was the general expectation that they should end their lives there, as others had done in the frozen sea, "where St. Amaro suffers no ship to stir backward or forward." Hist. del Almirante, c. 19.

P. 253, l. 6.

*And (whence or why from many an age withheld)*

The author seems to have anticipated his long slumber in the library of the Fathers.

P. 254, l. 9.

*From world to world their steady course they keep,*

As St. Christopher carried Christ over the deep waters, so Columbus went over safe, himself and his company.—Hist. c. 1.

P. 254, l. 15.

*And, rising, shoot in columns to the sky,*

Water-spouts. See Edwards's History of the West Indies, I. 12. Note.

P. 255, l. 1.

*Tho' changed my cloth of gold for amice gray—*

Many of the first discoverers ended their days in a hermitage or a cloister.

P. 255, l. 15.

*'Twas in the deep, immeasurable cave  
Of ANDES,*

Vast indeed must be those dismal regions, if it be true, as conjectured (Kircher. Mund. Subt. I. 202) that Etna, in her eruptions, has discharged twenty times her original bulk. Well might she be called by Euripides (Troades, v. 222) the *Mother of Mountains*; yet Etna herself is but "a mere firework, when compared to the burning summits of the Andes."

P. 256, l. 8.

*One half the globe; from pole to pole confessed!*

Gods, yet confessed later.—MILTON.—Ils ne laissent pas d'en être les esclaves, et de les honorer plus que le grand Esprit, qui de sa nature est bon.—LAFITAU.

P. 256, l. 12.

*Where PLATA and MARAGNON meet the Main.*

Rivers of South America. Their collision with the tide has the effect of a tempest.

P. 256, l. 17.

*Of HURON or ONTARIO, inland seas,*

Lakes of North America. Huron is above a thousand miles in circumference. Ontario receives the waters of the Niagara, so famous for its falls; and discharges itself into the Atlantic by the river St. Lawrence.

P. 257, l. 6.

*By Ocean severed from a world of shade.*

La plupart de ces îles ne sont en effet que des pointes de montagnes : et la mer, qui est au-delà, est une vraie mer Méditerranée.—BUFFON.

P. 257, l. 14.

*Hung in the tempest o'er the troubled main ;*

The dominion of a bad angel over an unknown sea, *infestandole con torbellinos y tempestades*, and his flight before a Christian hero, are described in glowing language by Ovalle —Hist. de Chile, IV. 8.

P. 257, l. 19.

*No voice as erst shall in the desert rise ;*

Alluding to the oracles of the Islanders, so soon to become silent : and particularly to a prophecy, delivered down from their ancestors, and sung with loud lamentations (Petr. Martyr. dec. 3, lib. 7) at their solemn festivals (Herrera, I. iii. 4) that the country would be laid waste on the arrival of strangers, completely clad, from a region near the rising of the sun. Ibid. II. 5. 2. It is said that Cazziva, a great Cacique, after long fasting and many ablutions, had an interview with one of the Zemi, who announced to him this terrible event (Hist. c. 62) as the oracles of Latona, according to Herodotus (II. 152) predicted the overthrow of eleven

kings of Egypt, on the appearance of men of brass, risen out of the sea.

Nor did this prophecy exist among the Islanders alone. It influenced the councils of Montezuma, and extended almost universally over the forests of America. Cortes. Herrera. Gomara. "The demons, whom they worshipped," says Acosta, "in this instance told them the truth."

P. 258, l. 5.

*He spoke ; and all was silence, all was night !*

These scattered fragments may be compared to shreds of old arras, or reflections from a river broken and confused by the oar; and now and then perhaps the imagination of the reader may supply more than is lost. Si qua latent, meliora putat. "It is remarkable," says the elder Pliny, "that the Iris of Aristides, the Tyndarides of Nicomachus, and the Venus of Apelles, are held in higher admiration than their finished works." And is it not so in almost every thing?

Call up him that left half-told  
The story of Cambuscan bold—

P. 259, l. 13.

*The soldier, &c.*

In the Lusiad, to beguile the heavy hours at sea, Veloso relates to his companions of the second watch the story of the Twelve Knights.—*l.* vi.

P. 259, l. 16.

*So Fortune smiled, careless of sea or land!*

Among those who went with Columbus, were many adventurers, and gentlemen of the court. Primero was the game then in fashion.—See Vega, p. 2, lib. iii. c. 9.

P. 260, l. 7.

LERMA '*the generous*,' AVILA '*the proud*;

Many such appellations occur in Bernal Diaz, c. 204.

P. 260, l. 11.

*Yet who but He undaunted could explore*

Many sighed and wept; and every hour seemed a year, says Herrera.—I. i. 9 and 10.

P. 261, l. 17.

*While his dear boys—ah, on his neck they hung,*

“But I was most afflicted, when I thought of my two sons, whom I had left behind me in a strange country . . . before I had done, or at least could be known to have done, any thing which might incline your highnesses to remember them. And though I comforted myself with the reflection that our Lord would not suffer so earnest an endeavour for the exaltation of his church to come to nothing, yet I considered that, on account of my unworthiness,” &c.—Hist. c. 37.

P. 262, l. 7.

*The great GONZALO*

Gonsalvo, or, as he is called in Castilian, Gonzalo Hernandez de Cordova, already known by the name of The Great Captain. Granada surrendered on the 2d of January, 1492. Columbus set sail on the 3d of August following.

P. 262, l. 11.

*Tho' ROLDAN, &c.*

Probably a soldier of fortune. There were more than one of the name on board.

P. 263, l. 3.

*War, and the Great in War let others sing,*

Not but that in the profession of Arms there are at all times many noble natures. Let a soldier of the Age of Elizabeth speak for those who had commanded under him, those whom he calls "the chief men of action."

"Now that I have tried them, I would choose them for friends, if I had them not: before I had tried them, God and his providence chose them for me. I love them for mine own sake; for I find sweetness in their conversation, strong assistance in their employments with me, and happiness in their friendship. I love them for their virtue's sake, and for their greatness of mind (for little minds, though never so full of virtue, can be but a little virtuous), and for their great

understanding: for to understand little things, or things not of use, is little better than to understand nothing at all. I love them for their affections; for self-loving men love ease, pleasure, and profit; but they that love pains, danger, and fame, show that they love public profit more than themselves. I love them for my country's sake: for they are England's best armour of defence, and weapons of offence. If we may have peace, they have purchased it: if we must have war, they must manage it," &c.

P. 264, l. 9.

*The Cross shone forth in everlasting light!*

The Cross of the South; "una Croce maravigliosa, e di tanta bellezza," says Andrea Corsali, a Florentine, writing to Giuliano of Medicis in 1515, "che non mi pare ad alcuno segno celeste doverla comparare. E s' io non mi inganno, credo che sia questo il crusero di che Dante parlò nel principio del Purgatorio *con spirito profetico*, dicendo,

I' mi volsi a man destra, e posi mente

All' altro polo, e vidi quattro stelle," &c.

It is still sacred in the eyes of the Spaniards. "Un sentiment religieux les attache à une constellation dont la forme leur rappelle ce signe de la foi planté par leurs ancêtres dans les déserts du nouveau monde."



P. 264, l. 18.

*Roc of the West! to him all empire given!*

Le Condor est le même oiseau que le Roc des Orientaux. BUFFON.—“By the Peruvians,” says Vega, “he was anciently worshipped; and there were those who claimed their descent from him.” In these degenerate days he still ranks above the Eagle.

P. 264, l. 19.

*Who bears Axalhua's dragon-folds to heaven!*

As the Roc of the East is said to have carried off the Elephant. See Marco Polo.—Axalhua, or the Emperor, is the name in the Mexican language for the great serpent of America.

P. 265, l. 2.

*To where ALASKA's wintry wilds retire;*

Northern extremity of the New World. See Cook's last Voyage.

P. 265, l. 3.

*From mines of gold . . .*

Mines of Chili; which extend, says Ovalle, to the Strait of Magellan.—I. 4.

P. 265, l. 6.

*High-hung in forests to the casing snows.*

A custom not peculiar to the Western Hemisphere. The Tunguses of Siberia hang their dead on trees; “parceque la terre ne se laisse point ouvrir.” M. PAUW.

P. 265, l. 14.

. . . *and thro' that dismal night,*

“Aquella noche triste.” The night on which Cortes made his famous retreat from Mexico through the street of Tlacopan, still goes by the name of LA NOCHE TRISTE.—HUMBOLDT.

P. 265, l. 15.

*By his white plume revealed and buskins white,*

Pizarro used to dress in this fashion; after Gonzalo, whom he had served under in Italy.

P. 266, l. 5.

*O'er him a Vampire his dark wings displayed.*

A species of Bat in South America; which refreshes by the gentle agitation of its wings, while it sucks the blood of the sleeper, turning his sleep into death.

P. 266, l. 6.

*'Twas MERION'S self, covering with dreadful shade.*

. . . . . Now one,

Now other, as their shape served best his end.

Undoubtedly, says Herrera, the Infernal Spirit assumed various shapes in that region of the world.

P. 266, l. 9.

*Then, inly gliding, &c.*

Many a modern reader will exclaim in the language of

Pococurantè, "Quelle triste extravagance!" Let a great theologian of that day, a monk of the Augustine order, be consulted on the subject. "Corpus ille perimere vel jugulare potest; nec id modò, verùm et animam ita urgere, et in angustum coarctare novit, ut in momento quoque illi excedendum sit."

LUTHERUS, De Missa Privata.

The Roman ritual requires three signs of possession.

P. 268, l. 3.

*And can you shrink? &c.*

The same language had been addressed to Isabella.—Hist. c. 15.

P. 268, l. 5.

*Oh had I perished, when my failing frame*

His miraculous escape, in early life, during a sea-fight off the coast of Portugal.—Ibid. c. 5.

P. 268, l. 8.

*The scorn of Folly, and of Fraud the prey;*

Nudo nocchier, promettitor di regni!

By the Genoese and the Spaniards he was regarded as a man resolved on "a wild dedication of himself to unpathed waters, undreamed shores;" and the Court of Portugal endeavoured to rob him of the glory of his enterprise, by secretly despatching a vessel in the course which he had pointed out. "Lorsqu'il avait promis un nouvel hémisphère," says Voltaire,

“on lui avait soutenu que cet hémisphère ne pouvait exister ; et quand il l'eut découvert, on prétendit qu'il avait été connu depuis long-temps.”

P. 268, l. 13.

. . . *He spoke not uninspired ;*

He used to affirm, that he stood in need of God's particular assistance ; like Moses, when he led forth the people of Israel, who forbore to lay violent hands upon him, because of the miracles which God wrought by his means. “So,” said the Admiral, “did it happen to me on that voyage.” Hist. c. 19.—“And so easily,” says a Commentator, “are the workings of the Evil One overcome by the power of God !”

P. 268, l. 18.

*In his own shape shall Death receive you there.*

This denunciation, fulfilled as it appears to be in the eleventh canto, may remind the reader of the Harpy's in Virgil.—Æn. III. v. 247.

P. 270, l. 7.

*Rose to the Virgin.* . . .

Salve, regina. Herrera, I. i. 12.—It was the usual service, and always sung with great solemnity. “I remember one evening,” says Oviedo, “when the ship was in full sail, and all the men were on their knees, singing Salve, regina,” &c. Relacion Sommaria.—The hymn, O Sanctissima, is still to be heard after sunset along the shores of Sicily, and its effect may be better conceived than described.

P. 270, l. 13.

*Chosen of Men!*

"I believe that he was *chosen* for this great service; and that, because he was to be so truly an apostle, as in effect he proved to be, therefore was his origin obscure; that therein he might resemble those who were called to make known the name of the Lord from seas and rivers, and not from courts and palaces. And I believe also, that, as in most of his doings, he was guarded by some special providence, his very name was not without some mystery: for in it is expressed the wonder he performed; inasmuch as he conveyed to a new world the grace of the Holy Ghost," &c.—Hist. c. I.

P. 270, l. 14.

*First from the prow to hail the glimmering light;*

A light in the midst of darkness, signifying the spiritual light that he came to spread there.—F. Col. c. 22. Herrera, l. i. 12.

P. 270, l. 17.

PEDRO! RODRIGO! . . . .

Pedro Gutierrez, a Page of the King's Chamber. Rodrigo Sanchez of Segovia, Comptroller of the Fleet.

P. 272, l. 3.

*Slowly, bare-headed, thro' the surf we bore  
The sacred cross,*

Signifying to the Infernal Powers (all' inferno todo) the will of the Most High, that they should renounce a world over which they had tyrannized for so many ages.—Ovalle, iv. 5.

P. 272, l. 5.

*But what a scene was there!*

"This country excels all others, as far as the day surpasses the night in splendour.—Nor is there a better people in the world. They love their neighbour as themselves; their conversation is the sweetest imaginable, their faces always smiling; and so gentle, so affectionate are they, that I swear to your Highnesses," &c. IIist. c. 30. 33.

P. 272, l. 5.

. . . *Nymphs of romance, &c.*

Dryades formosissimas, aut nativas fontium nymphas de quibus fabulatur antiquitas, se vidisse arbitrati sunt.

P. Martyr. dec. i. lib. v.

And an eminent Painter of the present day, when he first saw the Apollo of the Belvidere, was struck with its resemblance to an American warrior.—West's Discourses in the Royal Academy, 1794.

P. 272, l. 11.

*Come and behold, &c.*

So, in like manner, when Cortes and his companions appeared at the gates of Mexico, the young exclaimed, "They are Gods!" while the old shook their heads, saying, "They are those who were to come and to reign over us!" HERRERA.

P. 272, l. 21.

*And see, the regal plumes, the couch of state !*

“The Cacique came to the shore in a sort of palanquin—attended by his ancient men.—The gifts, which he received from me, were afterwards carried before him.”—Hist. c. 32.

P. 273, l. 4.

*The wondrous ring, and lamp, and horse of brass.*

The ring of Gyges, the lamp of Aladdin, and the horse of the Tartar king.

P. 273, l. 5.

*What long-drawn tube, &c.*

For the effects of the telescope, and the mirror, on an uncultivated mind, see Wallis's Voyage round the World, c. 2 and 6.

P. 275, l. 7.

*Thro' citron-groves, and fields of yellow maize,*

Ætas est illis aurea. Apertis vivunt hortis.—P. Martyr. dec. i. 3.

P. 275, l. 11.

*Ceiba,*

The wild cotton-tree, often mentioned in History. “Cortes,” says Bernal Diaz, “took possession of the Country in the following manner. Drawing his sword, he gave three cuts with it into a great Ceiba, and said—”

P. 275, l. 13.

*There sits the bird that speaks !*

The Parrot, as described by Aristotle.—Hist. Animal. viii. 12.

P. 275, l. 15.

*Half bird, half fly,*

Here are birds so small, says Herrera, that, though they are birds, they are taken for bees or butterflies.

P. 275, l. 15.

*. . . the fairy king of flowers*

The Humming-bird. Kakopit (florum regulus) is the name of an Indian bird, referred to this class by Seba.

P. 275, l. 16.

*Reigns there, and revels, &c.*

There also was heard the wild cry of the Flamingo.

What clarion winds along the yellow sands?  
Far in the deep the giant-fisher stands,  
Folding his wings of flame.

P. 275, l. 18.

*Soon in the virgin's graceful ear to shine.*

Il sert après sa mort à parer les jeunes Indiennes, qui portent en pendans d'oreilles deux de ces charmans oiseaux.

BUFFON.



P. 276, l. 2.

*'Mid branching palms and amaranths of gold !*

According to an ancient tradition. See Oviedo, Vega, Herrera, &c. Not many years afterwards a Spaniard of distinction wandered everywhere in search of it; and no wonder, as Robertson observes, when Columbus himself could imagine that he had found the seat of Paradise.

P. 276, l. 12.

*And guavas blushed as in the vales of light.*

They believed that the souls of good men were conveyed to a pleasant valley, abounding in guavas and other delicious fruits.—Herrera, l. iii. 3. Hist. del Almirante, c. 62.

P. 276, l. 13.

*There silent sate many an unbidden Guest,*

“The dead walk abroad in the night, and feast with the living;” (F. Columbus, c. 62) and “eat of the fruit called Guannàba.”—P. Martyr. dec. i. 9.

P. 277, l. 6.

*And sires, alas, their sons in battle slain !*

War reverses the order of Nature. In time of peace, says Herodotus, the sons bury their fathers; in time of war the fathers bury their sons! But the Gods have willed it so.  
—I. 87.

P. 277, l. 15.

CAZZIVA, . . . .

An ancient Cacique, in his lifetime and after his death, employed by the Zemi to alarm his people. See Hist. c. 62.

P. 277, l. 22.

*Unseen, unheard! Hence, Minister of Ill!*

The Author is speaking in his inspired character. Hidden things are revealed to him, and placed before his mind as if they were present.

P. 277, l. 24.

. . . *too soon shall they fulfil ;*

“Nor could they (the Powers of Darkness) have more effectually prevented the progress of the Faith, than by desolating the New World ; by burying nations alive in mines, or consigning them in all their errors to the sword.”—Relacion de B. de las Casas.

P. 278, l. 1.

*When forth they rush as with the torrent's sweep,*

Not man alone, but many other animals became extinct there.

P. 279, l. 8.

*Who among us a life of sorrow spent,*

For a summary of his life and character see “An Account of the European Settlements,” P. I. c. 8.

ROGERS' POEMS.

Of Him it might have been said as it was afterwards said of Bacon, and a nobler tribute there could not be—"In his adversity I ever prayed that God would give him strength, for greatness he could not want. Neither could I condole for him in a word or syllable, as knowing no accident could do harm to virtue, but rather help to make it manifest." B. JONSON.

P. 280, l. 3.

*Signs like the ethereal bow—that shall endure!*

It is remarkable that these phenomena still remain among the mysteries of nature.

P. 280, l. 5.

*Day broke on day as God himself were there!*

E di subito parve giorno a giorno  
Essere aggiunto, come quei, che puote  
Avesse 'l Ciel d'un' altro Sole adorno.

Paradiso, I. 61.

P. 280, l. 7.

*He stood, and thus his secret soul addressed.*

Te tua fata docebo.—VIRG.  
Saprai di tua vita il viaggio.—DANTE.

P. 280, l. 17.

*And dash the floods of Ocean to the stars;*

When he entered the Tagus, all the seamen ran from all parts to behold, as it were some wonder, a ship that had escaped so terrible a storm.—Hist. c. 40.

P. 280, l. 19.

*And Thee restore thy Secret to the Deep!*

"I wrote on a parchment that I had discovered what I had promised;—and, having put it into a cask, I threw it into the sea."—Hist. c. 37.

P. 281, l. 3.

*To other eyes, from distant cliff descried,*

Balboa immediately concluded it to be the ocean for which Columbus had searched in vain; and when, at length, after a toilsome march among the mountains, his guides pointed out to him the summit from which it might be seen, he commanded his men to halt, and *went up alone*.—HERRERA, I. x. 1.

P. 281, l. 7.

*Hung in thy chamber, buried in thy grave!*

"I always saw them in his room, and he ordered them to be buried with his body."—Hist. c. 86.

P. 281, l. 8.

*Thy reverend form*

His person, says Herrera, had an air of grandeur. His hair, from many hardships, had long been gray. In him you saw a man of an unconquerable courage, and high thoughts; patient of wrongs, calm in adversity, ever trusting in God;—and, had he lived in ancient times, statues and temples would have been erected to him without number, and his name would have been placed among the stars.

P. 281, l. 9.

*A phantom wandering in the light of day!*

See the Agamemnon of Æschylus, v. 82.

P. 281, l. 12.

*Thy sons reproached with their great father's fame,*

"There go the sons of him who discovered those fatal countries," &c. Hist. c. 85.

P. 281, l. 17.

*By dogs of carnage . . .*

One of these, on account of his extraordinary sagacity and fierceness, received the full allowance of a soldier. His name was Berezilla.

P. 281, l. 18.

*Swept—till the voyager, in the desert air,*

"With my own eyes I saw kingdoms as full of people, as hives are full of bees; and now where are they?" LAS CASAS.

P. 281, l. 19.

*Starts back to hear his altered accents there!*

No unusual effect of an exuberant vegetation. "The air was so vitiated," says an African traveller, "that our torches burnt dim, and seemed ready to be extinguished; and even the human voice lost its natural tone."

P. 282, l. 3.

*Here, in His train, shall arts and arms attend,*

“There are those alive,” said an illustrious orator, “whose memory might touch the two extremities. Lord Bathurst, in 1704, was of an age to comprehend such things—and, if his angel had then drawn up the curtain, and, while he was gazing with admiration, had pointed out to him a speck, and had told him, ‘Young man, there is America—which, at this day, serves for little more than to amuse you with stories of savage men and uncouth manners; yet shall, before you taste of death,’” &c.—BURKE, in 1775.

P. 282, l. 5.

*Assembling here, &c.*

How simple were the manners of the early colonists! The first ripening of any European fruit was distinguished by a family-festival. Garcilasso de la Vega relates how his dear father, the valorous Andres, collected together in his chamber seven or eight gentlemen to share with him three asparaguses, the first that ever grew on the table-land of Cusco. When the operation of dressing them was over (and it is minutely described), he distributed the two largest among his friends; begging that the company would not take it ill, if he reserved the third for himself, *as it was a thing from Spain*.

North America became instantly an asylum for the op-

pressed; Huguenots, and Catholics, and sects of every name and country. Such were the first settlers in Carolina and Maryland, Pennsylvania and New England. Nor is South America altogether without a claim to the title. Even now, while I am writing, the ancient house of Braganza is on its passage across the Atlantic,

Cum sociis, natoque, Penatibus, et magnis dis.

P. 282, l. 7.

*Untouched shall drop the fetters from the slave ;*

Je me transporte quelquefois au-delà d'un siècle. J'y vois le bonheur à côté de l'industrie, la douce tolérance remplaçant la farouche inquisition ; j'y vois, un jour de fête ; Péruviens, Mexicains, Américains libres, Français, s'embrassant comme des frères, et bénissant le règne de la liberté, qui doit amener partout une harmonie universelle.—Mais les mines, les esclaves, que deviendront-ils ? Les mines se fermeront ; les esclaves seront les frères de leurs maîtres.—BRISSOT.

There is a prophetic stanza, written a century ago by Bp. Berkeley, which I must quote, though I shall suffer by the comparison.

Westward the course of empire takes its way :

The four first acts already past,

A fifth shall close the drama with the day.

Time's noblest offspring is the last.



P. 282, l. 14.

*The spoiler spoiled of all ;*

Cortes. A peine put-il obtenir audience de Charles-Quint : un jour il fendit la presse qui entourait le coche de l'empereur, et monta sur l'étrier de la portière. Charles demanda quel était cet homme ; "C'est," répondit Cortes, "celui qui vous a donné plus d'états que vos pères ne vous ont laissé de villes."—VOLTAIRE.

P. 282, l. 14.

. . . . *the slayer slain ;*

"Almost all," says Las Casas, "have perished. The innocent blood, which they had shed, cried aloud for vengeance ; the sighs, the tears of so many victims went up before God."

P. 282, l. 16.

*'Mid gems and gold unenvied and unblest ;*

L'Espagne a fait comme ce roi insensé qui demanda que tout ce qu'il toucheroit se convertît en or, et qui fut obligé de revenir aux dieux pour les prier de finir sa misère.—MONTESQUIEU.

P. 285, l. 16.

*Where on his altar-tomb, &c.*

An Interpolation.



P. 286, l. 3.

*Tho' in the western world His grave,*

An Anachronism. The body of Columbus was not yet removed from Seville.

It is almost unnecessary to point out another in the Ninth Canto. The telescope was not then in use; though described long before with great accuracy by Roger Bacon.

THE END.



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